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For the Metropolitan.

THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

Sint ut sunt, aut non sint, was the sturdy reply of the general of the Order, Lorenzo Ricci, when the envenomed enemies of the Jesuits wished to dictate to them certain changes in their constitutions. "You have heaped injuries upon us," he said, "you have spared no arts, no calumnies, no falsehoods, to make us odious, you have attributed to us the very frauds which you practise upon us, and you would have us confirm your charges by weak concessions, made at your dictation. No, the Jesuits are innocent, 'Let them be as they are, or not be.'—*'Sint ut sunt, aut non sint.'*"

The reader of general history never finds himself more perplexed than in assigning to this wonderful Order a proper and due position; he sees a notice of it on every historic page since nearly the outbreak of the Reformation, and in every writer he finds warm friend or bitter foe; nowhere is the name of Jesuit announced in terms of common-place indifference. We believe there are few persons, Catholic or Protestant, who take the pains to supply themselves with accurate knowledge concerning this or any other of the various religious orders which have arisen, as if by a special Providence, at different periods, within the fold of the Church, yet their history is not only important, but it is generally also very interesting. It is true, one picks up facts here and there which give a bias to opinions, but without some little research it is impossible to put a due estimate on facts, or to separate the true from the false. We have known a number of gentlemen of fair intelligence, sit in grave discussion on the merits, or demerits rather, of the Jesuits, who had drawn their data from the infamous pages of Eugene Sue, coupled with the vague declamation against the order which had filled their minds with *false* facts from childhood. And yet, in spite of the most bitter and the most artful assaults, which bad Catholics, Protestants, and infidels, have combined to make on this very remarkable society, it must and does frequently occur to the intelligent mind of whatever creed, that if genuine apostles have ever lived since THE TWELVE, Francis Xavier, Peter Claver, Brébeuf, Lallemant, Anchieta, Marquette, Daniel, and "eight hundred martyrs immolated for the faith; eight thousand missionaries of the order whose lives were consumed in the labors of zeal among the savages and infidels" must be admitted among the brightest ornaments of the modern apostolate.

The Jesuits have performed too important a part during the last three centuries to be ignored by either the learned or the unlearned; they have spoken to all men from the prince on his throne to the peasant boy watching his flocks; learned theologians, profound scholars, naturalists, astronomers, mathematicians, travellers, historians, all find in the Society their peers, if not their masters; and yet, abounding thus in full measures of divine and human wisdom, the accomplished Jesuit appears never more in his element than when teaching a class of village boys their catechism, or announcing the first tidings of salvation to the untutored savage.

The Order has now been before the world, whether in prosperity or adversity, since 1540, when it was approved by Pope Paul III., and it certainly is time that men should look upon it dispassionately, as something belonging to history, and not merely as an object of predilection or prejudice. "The Jesuits are to my eyes," says Crétineau-Joly, "what Vitellius, Otho, and Galba, were for Tacitus. I know them neither by injury nor benefit." This is certainly the proper ground from which to view them, and it is just where we would wish the reader to place himself.

Who are the Jesuits? When did they come into existence? What is the object of their Order? What is their theory? What their practice? What is their history?

What a variety of answers may be given to these questions! Every fiery bigot in the ranks of rebellion feels himself fully prepared to answer them by saying that the Jesuits are the most wicked of men, who sprang up at some time of the dark ages to keep the world enslaved in ignorance. Their theory is to do evil that good may come of it; their practice is to do evil only, and their history is but a chain of evil deeds.

Every witness, of course, must be prepared for some cross-questioning; it may be therefore asked of this one, if he has passed some portion of his life among them. He answers, no, emphatically, with almost a look of horror. Perhaps, then, he has read their writings? Why, no—yes—extracts from their writings, which have satisfied him of their principles. Have these extracts been presented to him by their friends, or their enemies?—By persons who wished to expose their errors! Did it ever occur to the witness that the Bible may be made to say by an extract, "There is no God"? The witness makes no answer. Has the witness ever seen a Jesuit, or conversed with one? No—yes—has seen many popish priests, supposes they are all Jesuits, never conversed with any, but knows they all deny it.

Has not every man who has mingled with the world met with just such witnesses who have gathered all their information from garbled extracts, calumny, and their own depraved conceptions? We have met them, over and again, and among people too of tolerable information on all points, religious history excepted. Even our eminent lexicographer, Noah Webster, could not define the word Jesuit, without an insult and a sneer.

But what is a Jesuit? He is a religious of the Society of Jesus, founded by Ignatius of Loyola in 1534, and approved by the Holy See in 1540. He is bound to devote himself to the salvation of souls in such manner as shall be appointed for him by an acknowledged authority in his Order (subject always to the Holy See) whether in the instruction of youth, in the conversion of infidels and heretics, or otherwise in the propagation of the faith, according to his vows. We will follow rapidly here the introduction of a candidate into full membership with the Society; we will trace him, step by step, so that the reader may judge whether he

will be trained to that lofty position, so rare in the world, which combines eminent learning with great piety. *Boni simul et eruditi pauci inveniuntur*, was a maxim before the days of St. Ignatius; it was his earnest wish, and it has ever been the aim of the Order, to combine the two, learning and virtue in their members.

We will suppose a young man of good dispositions and religious turn of mind, whose education is pretty well advanced, presenting himself as a candidate. Such is the ordinary character of candidates, as we ourselves, viewing from without, have generally noticed them. As the Society excludes honors and wealth, it is clear that human ambition cannot be a motive cause to induce them to seek membership. The candidate being admitted into the noviciate, passes through the course of *Spiritual Exercises* as an introduction to the new life in which he is about to engage. These exercises last four weeks, each week having its special considerations. The title comprises the great objects contemplated by the Exercises thus: "Spiritual Exercises for learning to conquer one's self and regulating the whole of one's life without taking counsel of any disordered affection."

What a marvellous epitome is comprised in these few words! During the first week of the Exercises the novice passes in review his previous life; he contemplates deeply the enormity of sin, and the crime of rebellion against God; he reflects upon the ends of life, he learns to look up ever to heaven, he searches the depths of his own soul, he takes counsel with his conscience; by day and by night he gives himself to prayer and reflection; an hour at midnight is given to devotion to elevate and purify the soul while the world is wrapped in silence and repose. "Happy night that which is added to the days best filled up!"*

During the second week the candidate contemplates the life of our Lord, and the mysteries of the Gospel history as if passing before his eyes. He devotes himself boldly and generously to Christ as his leader and commander, he sees "the acts of the Man-God ever working the redemption of the world—they are not merely remembrances and histories of the past; their truth and their infinite power live and last ever present, ready to heal, ready to regenerate at every time the docile soul."

The Exercises however are not merely for contemplation and prayer; they indicate action; the novice endeavors to discover and elect the grade of perfection to which God in his providence calls him.

St. Ignatius says, as the *exercises* of soldiers are only to prepare them for the day of battle, so these exercises prepare the soul for the battle of life. The novice has presented before him, as it were, two armies in array; upon the banners of the one are inscribed, *Riches, Honor, Pride*—the commander full of brilliant but lying promises, is the ancient enemy of mankind, ever enlisting souls to their own destruction. Upon the banners of the other, *Poverty, Reproaches, Humility*, are the device which the lowly, yet lovely Saviour offers to those who would follow Him. Not the novice only, but every man, whether he will or not, is obliged to join the ranks of the one or the other; his own soul pays the forfeit if he choose the dazzling delusions of Satan; it is saved when he becomes a true soldier of the Redeemer. The novice is urged to pray humbly and faithfully to be admitted into the ranks of the Saviour; and he implores the aid of the blessed Virgin to assist him in entering upon the devoted service of her Divine Son.

During the third and fourth weeks the novice has before him for contemplation the loftiest thought that can fill the heart of man, *the Divine Love*. And now as at all times he contemplates the cross and its trials. Affliction, sorrow, and grief

*This hour of meditation is now generally transferred to some hour during the day

are man's inheritance; crosses meet him every where, and the true disciple, who is willing to devote himself to ignominy and death for his master's sake, seeks rather to meet and embrace them, than to fly from them. And what is to support him under trials and affliction—what is his reward for self-denial and mortifications? Earth answers not, but a small, sweet voice whispers to him, "*The Divine Love.*"

After four weeks of such training, under an experienced director, when the recesses of the inner life have been explored, it is clear that the postulant must find himself a new being. He has seen his own soul reflected as in a mirror; he has contemplated vice and virtue, good and evil, face to face. He has learned the most difficult lesson in life, that is, to know one's self.

When the candidate has passed through the Exercises, the requirements and duties of the Society, according to the Constitutions, are placed fully before him, and it is demanded of him whether or not he is willing to comply with them; will he devote himself, as required, to poverty, humiliation, and suffering, to the dangers and fatigues of foreign missions; will he bear injuries, false testimonies, reproaches for Christ's sake; will he obey his superiors in all things in which there is no sin, will he accept and desire, with all his powers, what Jesus Christ, our Lord, loved and embraced?

Assenting to all these things, he passes through the two years of the noviciate, occupied with prayer, recollection, self-denial, correction of evil inclinations, and the practical study of perfection. At the end of the two years, having gone through a trying ordeal, he is examined and admitted then to binding vows.

At this time, with heart corrected and pride subdued, he commences a prolonged course of rigid studies. Four years or more are given to rhetoric and literature, philosophy, the physical and mathematical sciences; then comes the *regence*, or the teaching of the classes in a college. The young professor passes from four to six years of his life in teaching; beginning with the grammar classes, and rising year by year. After this, a term of from four to six years is devoted to theology, to the study of the Holy Scriptures, of the canon law, of ecclesiastical history, and perhaps of the Oriental languages. When the religious has passed through these courses, he undergoes a close examination, after which, if duly prepared, he is admitted to the priesthood. Matured thus by long courses of study and prayer, the Jesuit is supposed to be prepared for the most trying duties of life; he is armed as well with the lights of the age as with the zeal of his order, which does all things "*ad maiorem Dei gloriam.*" He is what St. Ignatius wished his disciples to be, "who in every thing, in history, in physics, in philosophy and literature, as in theology, do not remain behind their age, but are able to follow, or even aid its advances, yet without ever forgetting that they are vowed to the defence of religion and to the salvation of souls."

But the Jesuit has not yet gone through with his schooling; it is true, he is now a ripe scholar, a tried man, and a consecrated priest; yet once more has he to return to a year of contemplation and prayer. Apart from the world, apart from books, he enters the tertianship, or the third year of probation. Once again in *scholâ affectûs* he humbles himself before God, and seeks in retirement and prayer, purity of heart and entire devotion in the service of his omnipotent Master. At some period after this year has expired, (perhaps one, perhaps many years,) the Jesuit, if he has given the proper evidences of his entire fitness, is admitted to the last vows of the Society—he receives from the Father-General the *gradus*, and he is now fully *professed*.

"The day of action at length arrived, for the greater glory of God, for the service of his brethren, the Jesuit will be more than ever indifferent to all places, all employments, all situations. He will only repel from him, and that with an invincible refusal, honors and dignities. He respects and admires them in others, as the height of devotion and of a glorious servitude. He too devotes himself, but always to obey, never to command—without reserve, without exception, without return.

"The class of the seventh form at College, the laborious superintendence day and night within the walls of a study room, or a dormitory; China, the Indies, the savages, the unbelievers; the Arabian, the Greek; republics, monarchies; the heat of the tropics, the ices of the north; heresy, unbelief; the country, the cities; the bloody resistance of the barbarian, the polished struggles of civilization; the mission, the confessional; the pulpit, studious researches; prisons, hospitals, lazarettos, armies; honor, ignominy; persecution, justice; liberty, dungeons; favor, martyrdom; provided that Jesus Christ be announced, the glory of God propagated, souls saved, all is to the Jesuit equally indifferent. Such is the man whom it has been the object of the constitutions to give to the apostolate. Doubtless we may lament before God that we do not always attain this end with the persevering courage which he demands; at all events it must be confessed the end is great and to consecrate thereto one's life, is perhaps to give it some value."

We have thus hastily traced the Jesuit's life from his initiation in the Society to the last vows which he takes as a professed member, which covers a term of from fifteen to twenty years. It is obvious that men thus trained, who have undergone such stringent probation, must be prepared to make a powerful impression on the world, and that they must naturally bring upon themselves, from different sources, almost equal measures of love and hatred. They are men to be in the world, but not of it, therefore the world will hate them. They are not strangers to this. They have bound themselves to suffer persecution for justice' sake; nay, their founder looked upon persecution as their shield and their safe-guard. He therefore prayed that it should follow the Order always as a perpetual blessing. If the faults or errors of some individuals among them have brought obloquy on the Order, more intense hatred has sprung from the inflexible adherence to duty of others. When Mad. de Pompadour wished to have her appearance at court legalised as *dame du palais* of the queen, she wished to deceive the latter by pretensions of repentance and virtue, and she chose the Jesuit De Sacy as her confessor, expecting to find in him a flexible agent to conceal and promote her designs. She was mistaken. De Sacy declined taking upon himself the direction of her conscience unless she would break off from the king, and turn really to solitude and repentance. He did his duty as a Christian priest, but the king's mistress, and her confederate Choiseul, took revenge upon the Order, by obtaining their banishment from France, against the wishes of the whole body of bishops of that monarchy.

We will sketch in the briefest manner the government of the Society, and point out the land-marks of its history. A thorough system of discipline pervades the Order throughout. "Obedience is the first duty of the soldier" is a military axiom; the Jesuit also acknowledges it. He is bound to obey his superiors in all things which are in themselves lawful. The officers of the Society are the Father-General, resident at Rome, elected by delegates or electors, two from each province, (chosen by the professed members throughout the world,) for life; but subject to impeachment, which, however, has never yet taken place, and probably never will. The general has a number of consultors, drawn from different nations, with whom he has to take counsel; and an admonitor, who stands by him to admonish

him in regard to personal affairs. These are all appointed by the Society. The general has the authority over the Society that the commander-in-chief has over an army, subject however to the Holy See, just as the commander of our army is subject to the president.

The other officers, (appointed for a term of years) are Provincials or superiors of the Order in their respective provinces, and a local superior over every religious house of the Order. These officers have likewise their Counsellors and Admonitors. They are bound to hear advice on all grave questions, but to act each on his own judgment and decision.

"Such is the form of government of the Society; the unity of power, with multiplicity of consulting opinions. Wisdom possesses thus all its light, and action all its force."

The Society dates from 1534, when it was founded by St. Ignatius of Loyola, whose conversion from the soldier and the worldling as he lay wounded in the castle of his father, to a soldier of the cross and a servant of Christ, is so familiar to the world. His illustrious companions *ab origine*, are all historical names, Lainez, Salmeron, Bobadilla, Francis Xavier, Rodriguez, and Pierre le Febvre.

St. Ignatius is the author of the *Spiritual Exercises* and the *Constitutions*, which have given to the Jesuits their distinctive character. Pope Paul III, by a special Bull, formally established the Society in 1540, with extraordinary privileges. By the Constitutions the members are bound to special obedience to the Holy See, to poverty, chastity, and obedience, as all the other orders, but to something more than ordinary obedience, that is, to be ready at all times to go without warning, without preparation, and without recompense, wheresoever their services may be deemed most useful, as missionaries among infidels, heretics, or heathens; and to devote all their powers to the services of the Church, if necessary, at the sacrifice of all temporal goods, and even of life itself. Thus a chivalrous devotion has ever marked their steps; they have always been found in the front ranks in times of trial and danger.

St. Ignatius was elected the first general, and he lived to see a great and rapid extension of the Society. After him followed two master-spirits, Lainez and Aquaviva, two of the greatest men of their age. Under their administrations the Society prospered beyond all expectation; the most successful missions were planted in every part of the world. But as the Society came into the world during a great convulsion of Christianity, so it lived in perpetual strife with the enemies of the faith under whatever guise they appeared, who kept constantly on the *qui vive* by these devoted champions, determined to destroy by insidious means, those with whom they could not cope in open war. In the course of years, a Pope, Clement XIV, was induced to suppress the Society, in 1773, upon grounds which do not admit of brief discussion. It is a certain fact that the Catholic world felt their loss grievously; nineteen Popes had given their earnest sanction to the Society, the Council of Trent had eulogized their constitutions, and showed so much deference to the Order that when Lainez (who had been sent with Salmeron to sit as theologians with the council) was taken sick, the sittings were suspended and were resumed when he was able to be present. "At the same time these two men, consummate scholars, poor and faithful religious, lodged at Trent in the hospital, swept the rooms, served and attended the sick, catechised the children, and asked alms for a living. Ignatius had so directed them, to present apostolic humility united with zeal and learning."

We cannot speak here of the brilliant colleges and schools established every where with unprecedented success; we have seen whole states suffering to this day from their suppression.

In 1814, the Society was re-established by Pope Pius VII, and it is once more in vigorous life and action.

NOTE.—This article supposes throughout a thorough course pursued from admission into the noviceship to the full profession. It may be proper to state however, with more precision, that there are in the Society three different degrees; the highest being that of the *Professed Father*; the next that of *Spiritual Coadjutor*, which is the degree of the great majority of the Fathers; and the last that of *Temporal Coadjutor*, held by lay-brothers. The condition of novices, scholastics, etc., is a state of preparation only for degrees to be obtained in the future. We have indicated in the text the complete course of studies prescribed to attain to the full profession, but not necessary to the second degree; indeed it very commonly happens that from scarcity of priests, or from other circumstances specified in the Constitutions, a candidate is ordained to the priesthood, and admitted to the second degree, without ever being prepared for the *gradus* of the professed. During the course of studies a very wise regulation gives a prolonged course, when practicable, to that branch for which the student shows particular talent or aptitude, so that as a general rule, the greater the talent, the longer the study.

TO THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

SWEET flower, why dost thou love to dwell,
Like some fair nun within her cell,
Afair from public sight?
Why seek the quiet water's side?
Why seek those drooping bells to hide
So delicately white?

Thou needst not shun thy sisters gay,
Thou art as beautiful as they,
Though not so richly drest;
Thy simple robe might please a mind
To innocence and peace inclined,
Or charm a sterner breast.

True emblem of humility,
Oft do I wish to live like thee
In some secluded spot;
Then would I listen to the song
Of nature's warblers all day long,
And bless my happy lot.

Then would I only quit my home,
O'er the delightful glade to roam,
Or o'er the meadow green;
Then would I sit beside some brook,
And ponder o'er a fav'rite book,
By mortal eye unseen.

Lily! I'll place thee in my breast,
And when by vanity possessed,
On thee I'll fondly gaze,
And meekly strive to imitate
Thy modest unassuming state,
Thy carelessness of praise.

C. C. Harper.

For the Metropolitan.

THE PRETTY PLATE.*

BY MARY VINCENT.

(Author of "Stitches in Time," and other similar works.)

WHEN I was a little girl my father lived in East Broadway. I had only one sister, Annie, who was two years older than myself, and half a dozen brothers, some older and some younger. My father was very much occupied with his business, and had very little time to bestow upon his children, especially upon us girls. If we obeyed when he spoke to us, he was satisfied and did not trouble himself about any thing further. But my dear mother did what she could. In the midst of her household duties, taking care of the little ones and sewing for us all, she was sure to find time to teach us our prayers, to talk to us about obedience and truth, and to remind us that God saw us even when we were alone and that we should one day have to give an account to Him of every thing we did. She tried to make us useful and to teach us to help her, and we were fond of taking care of the baby, but it was hard work to keep two little girls quiet in the midst of four or five boys. New York was not so crowded in those days as at present, and we had attached to our house a large old-fashioned wood-shed, and a famous yard to play in, besides mother's garden which was neatly turfed in the centre and bordered round with rose-bushes and other favorite plants. How well I remember watching my opportunity to steal out of mother's room that I might run into the yard with the boys. And then what romping and shouting! we were as ready for "tag" or "follow the leader" as any of them, and little recked the trouble that mother would have in mending our torn frocks. And when we had tired ourselves out with climbing over the fences and wood-pile, how we enjoyed sitting in the shed, or under

*In the introduction to the Christmas juvenile, "*The Pretty Plate*, by John Vincent, Esq., Redfield: New York, 1853," there is an allusion to another story of "*The Pretty Plate*," by Mrs. Vincent, wife of the author, written upon the same real incident, without any mutual concert. We believe that it was the original intention of our friend Vincent to publish both the stories together in one volume, but for some reason or other this design was abandoned.

"It is told with such natural simplicity and touching grace," continued John, "I am sure mothers and children will like it best."

Mary Vincent put her hand upon his mouth. "I will never consent, so you need say no more about it, John," said she with a deep blush.

Whether the reason here assigned may or may not have been the true one for withholding Mrs. Vincent's story, in connection with her husband's, neither it nor any other that we know of, hinders it from being published separately, especially in a Catholic periodical; and as it really seems to us to contain some touches of nature which a man's version of a feminine history must necessarily want, we have determined to give it in the Metropolitan, with a couple of illustrations from Mr. Redfield's beautiful volume, although the latter are more exactly suited to the story in which they first appeared than to the present. Doubtless many of our readers have young children to whom it may be interesting, and in fact, we do not envy the adult who cannot find some point in it to interest his feelings or his fancy. With all its feminine simplicity, it does not want a shrewd humorous sense of the situation, nor picturesqueness of description, nor truthfulness to child-nature, though it would have been unfair to place it side by side with a story on the same subject by the hand of a practised, and as one may say, professional novel-writer, like Mr. HUNTINGTON.

the old poplars that bordered the garden wall and hearing my brothers tell stories. What a handsome, merry, witty fellow was my brother John! he could keep us laughing all day with his droll stories; he was the oldest but one, and so kind to us girls!

So it went on till I was about six years old, and mother found that with all her household cares she could not make us learn any thing at home, we were growing up like wild weeds, wilder and more rough every day, and it was at length resolved to send us to school. That was an era in my life! I had never seen so many little girls together before, except in church, and these were very different in appearance and behaviour from those. Indeed, they stared at me so that I was almost frightened, though I tried not to show it, and the first half day I had a strange painful feeling of loneliness which I had never felt at home, not even when I had been locked up in the closet for some naughty thing that I had done. But when I found that my sister Annie, with her great black eyes and her bright curling hair, began to attract their attention, my shyness gradually changed into pride. Some of them, to be sure, seemed not to like her any the better for her pretty face, but they could not help admiring it. Certainly, there was no little girl there half so pretty as she was.

What charges mother had given us to come straight home! (William, our oldest brother, had come with us in the morning to show us the way,) and not to stop and speak to any children whom we might see in the street, and to watch carefully to keep out of the way of the horses as we cross the streets. We had to pass a good many shops, the goods exposed in which seemed to our childish eyes very grand. What beautiful calicoes! much prettier, we agreed, than any which we had: and the books, printed on purpose for children with large easy print, and beautiful painted pictures! Many a day afterwards did we stand gazing at these books, reading down the first page and wishing that the leaf would turn over so that we might see what came next. How we used to loiter at that little candy shop, looking till our mouths watered at the long sticks of molasses candy with great knots at one end. But what chiefly engrossed our attention that first day and every day in our walks to and from school, was a large shop where they sold crockery. All around the sidewalk on each side of the door were great piles of heavy plates and basins and pitchers, and in the windows beautiful cups and saucers, and just in front close to the glass, a long row of brightly gilded and painted mugs, marked Ann, Julia, Maria, and a dozen other names. I was looking earnestly one morning in loitering home at these beautiful mugs, and wishing that I had the one marked with my name, to drink out of at dinner, when Annie suddenly called out,

"Oh Maria, come here!" She was standing nearly in front of the door out on the sidewalk, close to the great piles of coarse ware with which the stands on either side were loaded, and pointed out to me as I ran up to her, around and between some of these piles, resting on their edges, and so disposed as to attract the attention of passers by, five or six beautiful little plates, gaily painted and with various fanciful devices in the centre. "Are they not beautiful?"

"Lovely! and they are all different! this one has a little verse of poetry in the middle. O beautiful! Would it not be nice if we could each have one to eat our supper from?"

"Yes, indeed: but only look at this one! This is much more beautiful than the others. See, she is teaching that little thing to walk. Oh! what a pretty picture! Ah me! if we could only have this one!"

We stood gazing at it till we were afraid to stand any longer, and all the way home we talked about it and agreed that if we could only have that *one*, we would not so much care for the rest.

The next day as we went to school we stopped again to look. "Ah, that plate! that dear little plate! if we could only have it!" and so again coming home, and the next day, and every day, going and coming, we stopped to feast our covetous eyes on that "dear little plate."

There certainly never was such a beautiful plate before, "And don't you think, Annie, that perhaps father would buy it for us if we asked him?"

"O dear, I don't know; and I never should dare to ask him.—And mother would only scold us for stopping at all to look at it."

So it went on from day to day. The more we looked at the little plate, the more we coveted it. It was agreed that there was no such thing as asking father for it, and that it was equally impossible to do without it. Have it we must, somehow. So finally, one of us, I don't remember which, proposed that we should "take it."

"Don't you think we might manage to do it?"

"Oh, if we only could without any one's seeing us!"

"I think perhaps we might; there is scarcely ever any body in the front part of he shop."

"But the people in the street."

"O well, we could watch our opportunity."

We thought about it and talked about it, at home and at school, whenever we found ourselves alone; we whispered about it after we were in bed at night, softly, for fear mother would hear us. She asked us once what we were whispering about, and I don't remember what we told her, but she did not perceive any thing wrong. We tried to talk one another's courage up, but it was no use talking to Annie; she said that I must be the one to take it: she *could* not do it. So one day—I shall never forget it,—one day coming home from school, while Annie watched, I took it: and then we ran.



STEALING THE PLATE.

Nobody saw me. When we had turned the first corner, we stopped to look at our prize. Oh dear, how delighted I was to think I had got it! And Annie—her great black eyes sparkled. I never had seen them look so bright before. And the plate—I thought it was the prettiest thing I ever had seen. It was more beautiful even than we supposed it had been: that dear little creature just tottling alone, and her mother holding her by the strings under her arms.

We crept home rather than walked, our arms round each others' waists as little girls do, hardly minding our steps, and taking the longest way, that we might have more time to examine and admire our newly acquired possession. How beautiful it was! it satisfied us completely; and it ought to be beautiful, for we had suffered a good deal of discomfort while longing for it, and planning how we should get it, and fearing lest some one should see us. But now it was ours at all events, and no one had seen us. I wonder it never entered our heads that God had seen us, but it did not seem to, or if it did, we thought it very unlikely that God would tell our mother of us, and so we easily shook off the unpleasant idea.

We were just within sight of our home, when suddenly my sister's bright face became slightly shaded. "I hope none of the little ones will be coming to meet us," she said; "I hope no one will see us go in." But no: every thing seemed prosperous; we went in alone, and stole unobserved up stairs to the room where we usually laid aside our bonnets.

"Where will you put it, Annie?" I asked softly, and with a sensation of uneasiness.

"Oh, we will find a place."

But it would not do to lay it in the drawer where we kept our shawls, for mother kept little Hal's pin-a-fores there, and very likely she would come before dinner to get him a clean one. So till we could find a better place, we crowded it into a drawer full of balls and blocks, and little broken horses and toys of all descriptions, and ran into mother's room to have our hair brushed, and our hands and faces put in order for dinner. The meal concluded, we both ran up stairs.

"Maria," said my sister, breathless with running, "it never will do to leave that plate in that drawer; the children will be sure to see it; and she hastily drew it from its hiding place." While we were considering where we should put it, we heard John calling us to come out into the yard—it was Thursday afternoon, and we did not return to school—and fearing that if we delayed he would come to seek us, we hid the poor little plate on the book-case behind a row of books, and went down stairs. We had a game of romps, and that over, Annie grew uneasy again about "the plate;" "some body would go to the book-case and see it." So she went up stairs to fetch it, and unobserved by our brothers hid it under one of the rose-bushes in the garden. This made us comfortable for a while; we should be sure to know if any one went into the garden, and nobody ever did, at that hour of the day.

But as it drew towards sunset, we began to consider that the garden was not a safe place: mother might go out there, or William, and see it under the rose-bush; so it was again drawn forth and taken to a more secure shelter. I can't remember all the places where we hid the unfortunate little plate during that day. Now it was in mother's rag-bag, now in my own drawer lying between the folds of my only silk dress; then it was under the bolster of our own little bed, and finally down in the China closet in a large drawer between two table cloths.

There it remained all night, and a most uncomfortable night it was for us. Perhaps Annie rested better than I did, but whenever I was fortunate enough to fall asleep, it seemed to me that my bed was laid all over with beautiful little painted plates, and I could not find an easy place to lie.

Early the next morning we were up, much earlier than our wont, and the first thing to be thought of was our ill-gotten treasure, of which we were already half weary. What good had it done us so far? We were sick to death of hiding it about, and perhaps we should end after all our pains by being discovered. However, we dared not leave it for all day in the China closet, so bringing it once more to the light, we racked our poor little brains in contriving a place in which we could venture to put it till we returned from school at noon. We finally decided upon the cellar, and Annie carrying it down, hid it in a dark corner behind a barrel of potatoes. We went to school, and almost feared as we passed the crockery store, that the man would come out and seize us for a pair of little thieves; but nobody thought half so much about us as we did about ourselves, naturally, and we reached school unmolested. Either he had not missed the plate, or he never thought of two innocent looking little girls having taken it. We were as miserable at school as we had been at home, and tormented ourselves all the morning with conjecturing various accidents which might discover our stolen treasure. Perhaps father would go into the cellar with a light as he often did, or the cook might take a fancy to pull out that very potato barrel, or a thousand other things might happen. At last that long, long forenoon came to an end, and we for once went straight home without loitering at the windows of the bookstore, or the little candy shop. We were home so much earlier than usual, that dinner was not ready, and Annie found an opportunity to go into the cellar to see if all was safe. She quickly returned with the plate—the miserable little plate—I began to detest it. No one could have seen it, for it was just where she left it; “and now, Maria, where can we put it?”

“Oh, I don’t know; I wish we had never taken it, it makes me miserable.”

“Might we not hide it on that high shelf in the closet?”

“O no, mother will be sure to see it.”

“What shall we do with it?—She will see it any where.” Annie’s face was as perplexed as possible.

“Do let us carry it back,” I said.

“After all the trouble of getting it!”

“But it is a much worse trouble to keep it, and we shall certainly be found out at the last. Oh Annie, *do* carry it back.”

She was a little reluctant at first, and afraid to carry it back; but after some coaxing, and when she found I was ready to take that part of it upon myself, she consented. So that very afternoon as we returned to school, I put the beautiful, much coveted little plate upon the stand from which I had stolen it only twenty-six hours before. O how thankful we were when it was fairly out of our hands. We began to breathe again. We resolved that we would never steal any thing again as long as we lived. We congratulated ourselves on having so quietly got out of a great difficulty, and there we supposed the affair ended. In a day or two our sense of shame and guilt wore off.

It will readily be inferred that up to this time we had never been to confession. I was young to go, and Annie—I don’t know why she had never been sent: perhaps she was waiting for me. Mother, occasionally, as she put us to bed, asked us questions intended to draw out a confession of any little faults which we had

committed during the day, but this was an unfrequent occurrence, and we never dreamed of telling her about "the plate." * Annie could not have told without exposing me to blame, and I am sure that either of us would have cut off our fingers rather than have told of the other. Not a great while after this, mother said that we ought to begin to go to confession. I had heard her say so once or twice, and at length one day we were sent, Annie and I, to the Sisters of Charity to be instructed and prepared for our first confession. We went more than once; I don't remember exactly about that; but I remember that there were a good many other children to be prepared at the same time, and that the sisters told us that we must tell the priest every thing that we could remember to have done or said in our whole lives, that we thought was wrong, and that we must be very diligent and careful in trying to recollect every thing. *I thought about the plate*; and all the shame and terror which I had felt while we were hiding it about the house came back again. One of the days as we were coming home after instruction, I said to my sister:

"What shall we do, Annie? Sister Frances says we must tell *every thing*; shall you tell about 'the plate'?"

"Oh yes," said Annie, "I suppose we must."

The next day we went again, and that was the last day. After the instruction we were to go from the Sisters' house to the church, only a few steps, to make our confession. The Sisters were more particular than ever in making us understand our duty: they repeated what they had said so often before, that we must be careful to confess *every thing*, and told us how wicked it would be not to wish or try to remember, and what a fearful sin it would be to keep back any thing important because we were afraid or ashamed to confess it: perhaps God would never, never forgive us. "O dear, what should I do!" I thought. I would have given a thousand worlds that I had never touched that plate—but it was too late to help it now. As we went in at the gate, which led to the basement of the church, I contrived to whisper again to Annie:

"Shall you tell about the plate?"

"Yes," said Annie, "we must tell *every thing*." She was very pale and quiet, and held my hand very fast.

I waited my turn in a fever of excitement. I kept my eyes fixed on my little prayer book—but I thought more of "*that plate*" than I did of my prayers. I would gladly have died, if I had thought I could go to heaven, to be saved from that confession; I was afraid to confess it, and much more afraid to keep it back. At last my turn came.

I don't imagine that I went very devoutly to my new and much dreaded duty; but however bad I was, I was not so bad but that I received grace to make a full confession. I don't know what else I mentioned, but I confessed that, I was very much surprised to find how light my heart felt after I had told of it, but what astonished me the most, was the kindness and gentleness with which the priest treated me. I! a little thief! as I had for two days felt myself to be, to be spoken to so kindly and lovingly—it brought the tears to my eyes; and as he talked to me, I began to be really sorry for my sin, which I am sure I had never been before. I could hardly believe as I left the confessional, that I was the same person who had but a little while before gone in; every thing seemed so strangely bright and quiet in me and all around me.

As I knelt down in my place among the other girls, a slight tumult on the opposite side of the chapel attracted my attention, and looking round, I saw the

two sisters who had come with us, almost carrying my sister Annie from one of the confessionals, out into the open air, and then one of the girls who sat near the door passed through from the sacristy, bringing a glass of water. In a minute more Annie came back, walking, and went again into the confessional. I

turned round to say my penance, and the prayer after confession which I found in my little book, but my heart beat so that for a little while I could only look at the altar and the pictures of Jesus and Mary which hung on either side of it, and think how happy I was. By and by Annie had come out and we had both finished our prayers, and then Sister Frances sent us home by ourselves without letting us wait for the other children.

As soon as we got into the street, my cheerfulness began to run over in talk.

"What was the matter with you, Annie? Did you tell about 'the plate?' Was it that that made you faint?"

"Yes," said Annie, "it was that. O yes, I told."

She was quiet and not inclined to talk. She seemed to feel the shame more than I did. She never said

much about it, either then or afterwards, but I have told a great many people about my stealing that little plate, and about Annie's fainting at confession.

It cured us of taking what did not belong to us. I don't think that either of us after that, ever again stole so much as a pin.



HIDING THE PLATE UNDER THE ROSE-BUSH.

Translated for the Metropolitan.

THE MISSION OF WOMAN.—MEANS TO ACCOMPLISH IT—II.

To accomplish her sublime mission, the woman who understands it and feels the courage to devote herself to it, must, in the first place, maintain in her soul the spirit of faith, by a fervent life, by continual prayer and the constant practice of every Christian virtue. She should carefully study the great truths of Christianity, attentively meditate upon them as well as the duties which derive from them. Not unfrequently females content themselves with a superficial knowledge, which leaves their mind unprotected against the objections which they will one day be forced to hear, and their heart exposed to the seductions which they will find in their path. Moreover, it is only the woman of solid religious knowledge, that can assume in the family the place belonging to her, and exercise that salutary influence which the actual wants of society require at her hands.

She should be able to command the attention of her husband and children, and give to her words a power and authority which will render them efficacious even in regard to them who are not disposed to listen. If the exhortations of a wife or a mother, are so often powerless; if far from having the desired effect, they give rise to a sort of contempt in the heart of those to whom they are addressed, it is because they want a support; they carry not with them that sanction which is imparted by a deep knowledge of the truths of Christianity.

Man does not like to obey. A command is always repugnant to his nature; and even when he yields to the influence exercised over him, he likes to persuade himself that he does nothing but what is demonstrated by his own reason. Now, the advice of a woman whose religious instruction has been neglected, has the appearance of a command, since she cannot adduce the reasons on which it rests. This solid instruction is the more necessary to women as men generally believing themselves far superior to them, and having a low idea of their intellect, distrust their teaching, and receive it, if not with contempt, at least with an indifference which looks very much like it, and which has the same practical result.

But a well instructed and truly superior woman always knows how to occupy in the family and in society the place that belongs to her; and once her superiority recognized, she can say and do things which not even a man of eminent merit could perhaps do or say. It gives to her words and admonitions a peculiar authority which the most prejudiced men cannot resist, because they carry with them a character of mildness and benevolence impressed on every thing proceeding from the soul of woman; whilst the more rigorous and closer demonstrations of man bear an appearance of constraint and violence which shocks the pride of those whom he addresses.

Must then a woman become familiar with all the controversies that have arisen on the subject of religion, in order to be able to refute all the objections by which it may be attacked? This is not our meaning. The religious instruction of a woman need not be so extensive as that of a man, because her nature and her mission are different. It is not the critical part and the logical connection of Christian truths that women ought to study, but they should view religion in its magnificent *ensemble* and beautiful unity. This part is understood by the heart as well as by the mind; it excites admiration and enthusiasm still more than it forces conviction; it is directed to that faculty which is the source of noble instincts and generous sentiments.

This department of Christian knowledge is neither the least beautiful, nor the least important. The mind of woman presents a singular contrast. In practical things it perceives the details better than the mind of man, but it cannot embrace the whole series of objects so well. In intellectual operations it is just the contrary. A woman is not as able as a man to follow a reasoning to its last consequences; she will not perceive like him the flaw of an argument and the defect of a conclusion, because reason and intellect are not the highest qualities of her soul, and she has no more patience in her mind than in her heart and will. But she has no need of following up a close argumentation, since she beholds at a glance in the principle all its consequences, or rather the principle strikes her mind in such a manner by its grandeur or its force, that she cannot help admitting it immediately. The female mind is not logical, it is intuitive. Woman does not reason, she contemplates; she is not convinced, but carried away. Eloquence has more power over her than philosophy. She is more vividly impressed by the beauty and grandeur of ideas than by their truth. And persons charged with the education of females should not forget this disposition of their minds; otherwise their lessons would be without fruit, because instruction can be received only according to the form which God has given to our understanding.

Religious instruction would be of little use in a woman, were it not accompanied with serious habits and grave manners. To give to others a high idea of her intelligence is by no means sufficient. She should consider it a matter of much greater importance to elicit respect for her character, and admiration for the qualities of her heart. If women understood well the greatness of the mission, I might almost say of the apostleship, which God has confided to them in our days, they would watch with scrupulous attention all their movements and all their words, for fear of opposing in the least the success of that mission.

To succeed in their noble undertaking the first condition for them is to forget themselves, to deny themselves, and to give their whole soul to the object they wish to accomplish. They should have nothing in view but the glory of Him who has sent them, and the advantage of those to whom they are sent. They should seek in those holy conquests not the satisfaction of self-love, not a means of displaying the qualities of their minds and attracting the attention of others, but a means of communicating the light which God has vouchsafed to them, and diffusing the love of Him to whom they have dedicated their lives.

Unfortunately the vanity of females frequently endangers the success of their apostleship. They find it a difficult task to renounce altogether that secret desire of pleasing which lies in the depths of their nature, and is unconsciously the hidden spring of nearly all their actions. Sincere piety and perpetual vigilance alone can, I will not say, eradicate that instinct, but check its growth and arrest its fatal consequences. A woman who unites solid instruction with a perfect exemption from self-seeking, and a great fidelity to the inspirations of grace, would be in the hands of God an instrument of mercy and salvation, whose power it would be difficult to calculate. She is to convert others, not to herself, but to God; not herself, but God and His truth are to be rendered acceptable. She has no power or strength for good, except when she acts, not in her own name, but in the name of Him from whom all "our sufficiency" is derived. God communicates His virtue to our words and works only in as far as we speak and act in His spirit and for His glory. If we act for ourselves, He withdraws Himself, and our actions are unproductive.

A woman light in her conduct, frivolous in her taste, trifling in her conversation, always and every where intent on pleasing, occupied with herself, with the adjustment of her face and manners, without modesty and simplicity; a woman who does not consider piety as the only thing essential, which ought to regulate her life and direct all her thoughts and acts; a woman who thinks herself religious because she performs every day a few exercises of piety; a woman who is not deeply humble and entirely devoted to God and His glory, is not fitted for the apostleship of which we speak. If she undertakes it, she will make very few conquests to truth, or rather instead of bringing souls to God, she will allow her own to be misled, and may become the slave of those she intended to subdue.

But if, on the contrary, she possesses a lofty sense of her mission, and all the qualifications necessary for its accomplishment, the good she is called to do will be immense. She will be the tutelary angel of the family; she will reign in her house, not however to establish her own sway, but to introduce the reign of God. Her words imbued with the heavenly unction which fills her soul, will carry peace and joy into the souls of others. Her countenance beaming with benevolence mingled with gravity, will inspire those around her with respect, and will prevent many unbecoming words and unpleasant discussions. She will understand how to direct the conversation so as to render it serious and instructive, without being fastidious and monotonous. She will now and then season it with wit to give it an additional charm, will sustain it when beginning to flag, moderate its excesses, and put a stop to it when the occasion requires. By the sweet authority she exercises over the mind and the heart, she will prevent discussions or objections unfavorable to religion, speak a few brief words calculated to persuade those whom she addresses, or induce them to be more just, impartial and dispassionate in their discourse.

Her advice always dictated by charity will be well received by those she intends to correct. Her reproaches even, blended as they are with kindness and compassion, will increase in the soul of a brother, a husband, or a son, the respect and confidence which she had inspired. They will seek counsel from her before beginning an action, encouragement after having commenced it, and praise or reproof after having performed it. When her reason is not consulted, her heart will be, and her admonitions will be listened to with respectful confidence, if she guards against that enthusiasm, exaggeration, and precipitation of judgment so ordinary in women whose instruction has been neglected, or whose minds are not matured by experience; and by watching her own heart and that of others she acquires that wisdom, prudence, moderation, and temper of mind which give so much weight to counsels, so much force and persuasion to words.

Such is the portrait of a woman fully qualified to execute the mission which has been assigned to her by Providence. To her belongs the power to do good, to elevate and sanctify all that surround her. Other women fancy they reign; they are slaves. They think that they have influence, but they have none; because they have not gained the respect and veneration in which all the strength of woman consists.

For the Metropolitan.

SIR CONSTANTINE.

BENEATH the stars in Palestine seven knights discoursing stood,
 But not of war-like work to come, nor former fields of blood,
 Nor of the joy the pilgrims feel prostrated far, who see
 The hill where Christ's atoning blood poured down the penal tree;
 Their theme was old, their theme was new, 'twas sweet and yet 'twas bitter,
 Of noble ladies left behind spoke Cavalier and Ritter,
 And eyes grew bright, and sighs arose from every iron breast,
 For a dear wife, or plighted maid, far in the widow'd West.

Toward the knights came Constantine, thrice noble by his birth,
 And ten times nobler than his blood was his high out-shining worth,
 His step was slow, his lips were moved, though not a word he spoke,
 Till a gallant lord of Lombardy his spell of silence broke.
 "What aileth thee, oh Constantine, that solitude you seek?
 If counsel or if aid you need, we pray thee, do but speak.
 Or dost thou mourn, like the rest, a lady-love afar,
 Whose image shineth nightly through yon European star?"

Then answered courteous Constantine,—“Good sirs, in simple truth,
 I chose a gracious lady in the hey-day of my youth,
 I wear her image on my heart, and when that heart is cold
 The secret may be rifled thence, but never by me told,
 For her I love and worship well by light of morn or even,
 I ne'er shall see my Mistress dear, until we meet in heaven,
 But this believe, brave Cavaliers, there never was but one
 Such lady as my Holy Love beneath the blessed sun.”

He ceased, and passed with solemn step on to an olive grove,
 And kneeling there he prayed a prayer to the lady of his love.
 And many a Cavalier whose lance had still maintained his own
 Beloved to reign without a peer, all earth's unequalled one,
 Looked tenderly on Constantine in camp and in the fight;
 With wonder and with generous pride they marked the sighting light
 Of his fearless sword far gleaming through the unbeliever's ranks,
 As the angry Rhone sweeps off the vines that thicken on its banks.

“He fears not death come when it will, he longeth for his love,
 And fain would find some sudden path to where she dwells above,
 How should he fear for dying when his Mistress dear is dead?”
 Thus often of Sir Constantine his watchful comrades said,
 Until it chanced from Zion's wall the fatal arrow flew,
 That pierced the out-worn armor of his faithful bosom through;
 And never was such mourning made for knight in Palestine
 As thy loyal comrades made for thee, beloved Constantine.

Beneath the royal tent the bier was guarded night and day,
 Where with a halo round his head the Christian champion lay;
 That talisman upon his breast—what may that marvel be
 Which kept his ardent soul through life from every error free?
 Approach! behold! nay, worship the image of his love,
 The Heaven crowned Queen who reigneth all the sacred hosts above;
 Nor wonder that around his bier there lingers such a light,
 For the spotless one that lieth there, *was the Blessed Virgin's Knight.**

NEW YORK, *Lady Day*, August, '53.

T. D. M.

* In “the Middle Ages,” there were Orders of Knights especially devoted to our Blessed Lady, as well as many illustrious individuals of knightly rank and renown. Thus the Order called Levites in France was known as *les esclaves de Marie*, and there was also the Order of “Our Lady of Mercy” for the Redemption of Captives; the Templars too, before their fall, were devoutly attached to the service of our Blessed Lady.

MEMOIR OF CARDINAL MEZZOFANTI.—II.

ON the 2d of February, 1831, Cardinal Capellari was chosen to occupy the chair of Peter, and took the name of Gregory XVI. Previously to his elevation to the pontifical throne, he had filled the important office of prefect of the college of Propaganda, and in that capacity had had frequent occasion to enter into relations with the Bolognese linguist. He had in this way learnt to appreciate not only the professor's talents, but also his simplicity of character and perfect disinterestedness. An opportunity had presented itself, of which Cardinal Capellari had not been slow to avail himself, of offering to Mezzofanti a considerable sum of money by way of acknowledgement for the many valuable services he had rendered to the college. But the gift was declined, with a request that it might rather be appropriated to the use of the foreign missions. And this is only a sample of his general habits during the whole of his life in all that concerned the goods of this world. No man ever coveted them less, or made a more generous use of such as fell to his lot. During the eight years that he was canon of St. Peter's and prefect of the seminary attached to that basilica, all the revenues of his stall were expended on the improvement of the seminary, and the support of poor ecclesiastics whose means were insufficient to enable them to pursue their theological studies to the end. A crowd of beggars never failed to besiege him on his passage from the church to the library, or from the library to the seminary, and seldom or never went away empty. Indeed his charity sometimes exceeded the limits of prudence, so that he was obliged to borrow money from his friends to relieve the wants of his numerous petitioners; among his brother canons he was commonly known by the name of Monsignor the Almoner; and even when a cardinal, it is said that a wealthy banker from whom he had rented a modest suite of apartments, never required him to pay any rent for them, as knowing that all his money was spent upon the poor. But we are somewhat anticipating the chronological order of events. We have said that the Abbé Mezzofanti was not unknown to Gregory XVI whilst yet a cardinal. One of his first acts, when he was made Pope, was to write to Cardinal Opizzoni, Archbishop of Bologna, with a view to bringing the professor to Rome. Ultimately, however, his visit to that city arose out of the political troubles of the period; he was appointed one of the deputation which was sent from Bologna to his Holiness after the rebellion in that city had been subdued, and Gregory was wont to say in his gay, humorous manner, that this was the only advantage he ever derived from the Bolognese insurrection. It was not without considerable difficulty that the Pope succeeded in overcoming the professor's reluctance to leave his native city; he himself described it as having been a most laborious siege; at length however, towards the end of October, 1831, the Abbé Mezzofanti—or Monsignor Mezzofanti rather, for he had been raised to the dignity of a prelate on the occasion of the aforesaid political deputation at an earlier period in the same year—returned to Rome, never again to leave it. We have already mentioned some of the principal posts which he filled before his admission to the Sacred College of Cardinals: he was made canon of St. Peter's, prefect of the seminary of that basilica, first librarian at the Vatican, &c. &c.; and both his learning and his reputation as a linguist increased rapidly by his diligent use of the advantages he enjoyed as a resident in the Eternal City. Gregory XVI amused himself one day by letting loose upon him unexpectedly in the gardens of the

Vatican a number of the students of the Propaganda, all of whom began to speak at once, each in his own language, overwhelming the canon with a multitude of questions. It was a perfect Babel of sounds, utterly unintelligible even to those who knew some of the languages spoken; Mezzofanti however, without a moment's perplexity, answered them all in turn, each in his own tongue, and without making any mistake either in his choice of words or in his pronunciation of them, whilst passing thus rapidly from one language to another. It was the first time the Pope had witnessed any exhibition of his powers, and it seemed in its results almost like a re-enacting of the miracle of the day of Pentecost.

On the 12th of February, 1838, Mezzofanti was made cardinal; and it need hardly be said that there was but one opinion as to the merits of this appointment. His elevation was celebrated with special enthusiasm in the city of Bologna and in the college of Propaganda. The students of this college—the great missionary college of the world—offered their congratulations to his Eminence in poems composed in forty-three different languages; and as the newly-created cardinal, surrounded by a few chosen friends, listened to the recital of these numerous productions, and received the homage of each student who had repeated them, he entered into familiar conversation with them all, according to the language in which they had severally spoken. It was only natural that of all the new duties which his promotion to the cardinalate imposed upon him, he should take a most lively interest in every thing connected with this college. Many of our readers will have heard of the way in which the feast of the Epiphany is kept there; not only by the celebration, in the chapel of the establishment, of the mysteries of our faith according to all the various rites which the Church allows in various portions of the world, but also by the public recitation, on certain days within the octave, of poems or other pieces composed for the students in their several tongues, Syriac, Armenian, Persian, Arabic, Hindostanee, Singalese, Peruvian, Brazilian, Coptic, Ethiopic, Tartarian, Chinese, &c. &c. To prepare or revise these compositions, and to superintend the rehearsal of them, was the favorite occupation of the cardinal each year, as the season came round; indeed the greater portion of them were written by himself; it frequently happened, however, that his modesty forbade his assisting at the public recitation, where he was conscious that he should himself be the principal object of interest, instead of his students. His Eminence was in the habit of visiting the college very constantly, but more especially at the hour of their return from walking; he would stand in the gallery at the head of the staircase, and address a few words to each student as he passed in his native tongue. Padre Bresciani, who was at that time rector of the Propaganda, tells us that the year after Mezzofanti was made cardinal, some Albanian youths arrived at the college from Scutari, Sapia, and Antivari, and he applied to his Eminence to hear their confessions. He replied that he was not able to do so at once, for he did not yet know the language; but if they would give him a dictionary and grammar, he would come and hear their confessions in a fortnight. The books were found, and within the promised period the language was learnt and the confessions heard. It is said indeed that no student ever came to the college after he was made cardinal, bringing with him a strange language, that his Eminence did not succeed in making himself master of it with similar if not with equal rapidity. This instance however, is especially remarkable, because the language of Albania has no recognisable affinity with any other known language, either European or Asiatic. With the exception of a few Greek, Turkish, and Illyrian words, that have been introduced into the vocabulary by means of the intercourse the Albanians have

had with those nations, their language is said to bear no resemblance whatever, either in the sound and formation of the words or in the grammatical construction of the sentences, to any other language with which Mezzofanti could have been already acquainted;* yet even the difficulties of such a language as this he was enabled to overcome in ten or twelve days. Certainly it is not without reason that the Germans have coined a word to denote the powers of so extraordinary a linguist, calling him *Sprachenbändiger*, or tamer of languages! And it was not only that he learnt enough of each language to be able to read a book in it, or to carry on a conversation in it with some hesitation and difficulty; he made himself so completely master of each language which he took in hand, that he could both converse in it with fluency, and compose even poetry with correctness. He learnt all its varieties also, whether of idiom or of pronunciation, so that he could at once distinguish the district or province of the country, from whence his visitors came. It was not only that he knew an Englishman from a Scotchman, or both from an Irishman, but even the dialects of Devonshire or Lancashire were not unknown to him. A native of Florence had no chance of passing himself off in his presence as belonging to the neighboring city of Siena, any more than a Piedmontese for a citizen of Milan, or an inhabitant of Forlì or Ravenna for a Roman. In whatever dialect a stranger began his conversation, the cardinal never failed to carry it on in the same; and each one found it difficult to persuade himself that he was not talking to a compatriot. It is to be observed too that this extraordinary accuracy extended to no less than seventy-eight languages. Mithridates, whose knowledge of languages has caused his name to become almost proverbial, and synonymous with polyglot, scarcely knew more than a fourth part of this astonishing number. The Christian cardinal had this advantage also over the barbarian king, that whereas the one had only learnt the languages, and so acquired reputation as a linguist, the other studied also the literature of the several countries, and so stored his mind with infinite treasures of learning. He was familiar with the works of Klopstock, Goëthe, Schiller, and Schlegel; could recite whole passages from Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Massillon, or from Racine, Molière, and Corneille; and so also with the principal Spanish, Portuguese, English, Russian, or other European authors. He had studied the Sanscrit monuments of Persia, and the philosophical and mythological systems of the Brahmins and Buddhists of India; was deeply read in the works of Confucius, and all the most learned mandarins of China down to the present day; in a word, the whole range of ancient and modern literature lay open before him, and his industry and ability enabled him to appropriate no small portion of its stores. History, the laws and institutions and the religious systems of all ages, were what he specially delighted in studying; and in all these branches of knowledge there was no one, however eminent he might be in any of them, who did not feel that there was much which still remained for him to learn, and which Cardinal Mezzofanti was able to teach him.

Yet with all this extent and variety of learning, nothing could exceed the unaffected modesty and simplicity of his conversation and manners. When questioned by Father Bresciani as to the means whereby he had acquired so many languages, he used to answer that he believed that God had been pleased to grant him so great a gift because he had sought it, not for any vain-glory and desire of

*He was himself of opinion that this singular isolation of the Albanian language would continue to be a source of perplexity to all scholars, until we should succeed in obtaining some knowledge of the old Pelasgic tongues, from whence he believed it to be derived.—See *Civiltà Cattolica*, No. xli, vol. vii, p. 572.

worldly reputation, but for the salvation of souls; and then he would relate the history we have already given of his attendance in the hospitals of Bologna, and his distress at finding himself unable either to hear the confessions of those strangers who were Catholics, or to labor for the conversion of those who were Protestants; that he therefore set to work with all diligence, until he found himself able to understand something of the language when spoken; and then with this imperfect knowledge, he would go and sit for hours among the sick, administering the consolations of religion to one, and conversing with another, and so by degrees adding to his vocabulary, until at length he had learnt the dialects of the various provinces; that the presence of certain ex-Jesuits in Bologna, Spaniards, Portuguese, and Mexicans, was a great assistance to him; that he never lost an opportunity which presented itself of getting a strange lexicon or grammar or of conversing with a foreigner; and that by these means, God having blessed him with every flexible organs of speech, he had been enabled to attain his present degree of skill and perfection in speaking languages.

But not only was it for charitable and religious purposes that this wonderful extent of knowledge was first desired and aimed at; it was also on works of charity and in the service of religion that its noble-minded owner most delighted to exercise it. One of the religious establishments, therefore, in Rome in which he took an especial interest, was the *Casa de' Catechumeni*, in which a number of persons, varying from twenty to fifty perhaps, Jews, Turks, Moors, or Pagans, are always to be found, placed there to receive instruction in the mysteries of the Catholic faith. The assistance of so eminent a linguist in a house of this kind was of course invaluable; and the cardinal was never happier than when he was engaged in teaching these poor people the very first elements of Christianity. He was also the constant friend and protector of the celebrated Mère Macrina and her Basilian sisters, and frequently visited their convent to hear their confessions, and render them every other assistance which they so much needed in their exile, and which his knowledge of their language enabled him to supply more readily and more effectually than any other stranger could have done it. In fact, it was notorious to every body that his gift of tongues (so to call it) was valued by him mainly as an instrument of charity; and no one, therefore, ever scrupled to have recourse to him for assistance under circumstances in which his powers could be made useful for such purposes. M. Mouravieff, a Greek schismatic, and the historian of the Russian state-Church, bears willing testimony to this fact, and mentions as an instance of it the patient devotedness with which he continued to visit several times a week a poor Russian maid-servant, who had been taken into a convent in Rome with a view to her instruction in the faith, but whom the good nuns were unable adequately to assist through their ignorance of the language. But the time would fail us to tell of all the charitable offices which the pious and humble Cardinal Mezzofanti was ever ready to perform when called upon; and it is obvious that in a city like Rome, the metropolis of the Christian world, he was liable to be called upon very frequently, and with reference to all classes of society. He was not indeed selected to be the interpreter in the celebrated interview between Gregory XVI and the Czar of Russia in 1845, the Pope choosing rather, perhaps from motives of policy, to have the assistance of an English cardinal, Cardinal Acton. The Emperor, however, was determined not to leave Rome without making the acquaintance of one of whom he had heard so much; he therefore requested the honor of a visit from the cardinal, and after conversing with him both in Russian and Polish, declared that he spoke the former as correctly as himself or as any

native. The cardinal was unable to return the compliment with regard to the latter language, but on the contrary complained that the Emperor's Polish was far from being perfect. At the beginning of the present Pope's reign Mezzofanti was required to act the part of an interpreter between his Holiness and Kekib Effendi, the Ottoman ambassador sent to congratulate him on his accession to the throne; and during the month that the Turk's visit was prolonged they had several interviews, in the course of which he expressed his amazement at the facility with which his Eminence spoke not only the ordinary language of Turkey, but also the most difficult dialects of the most distant provinces of the empire.

When the political troubles of Rome had come to their crisis, and his Holiness was an exile in the kingdom of Naples, the college of cardinals was dispersed in all directions; only two or three remained in Rome, and of these Mezzofanti was one. The laborious studies of a life which had exceeded the ordinary limits of the span of human existence, had already impaired the natural strength of his constitution; and now the mental anxiety and sorrow which the disturbed state of public affairs necessarily occasioned him, greatly accelerated the progress of his disease. For some time past he had been unable to leave his apartments, and with difficulty contrived to celebrate Mass in his private chapel; but in the month of February, 1849, he was attacked by pleurisy, under which he sank gradually until the day of his death, the 15th of March. He retained his senses to the last, and edified all around him by the fervor with which he performed all his devotions, praying earnestly both for himself and for the necessities of the Church, and joining with his chaplain, attendants, and relatives, in the prayers provided by the Church for the use of the dying. On the morning after his death, Signor Gherardi, Minister of Public Instruction, himself a native of Bologna, called on the relatives of the deceased to propose that a certain number of students from the University should follow his remains to the tomb; this was declined, however, for the Cardinal had expressly desired that his funeral might be conducted with the utmost privacy; and certainly, if the usual honors with which members of the Sacred College are wont to be buried in the time of peace were not to be permitted, he would never willingly have received new honors, or what were intended to be such, at the hands of rebels and traitors, who were then holding the reins of government in Rome. His wishes were scrupulously obeyed: his body was carried, on the evening of the second day after his death, to the church of St. Onofrio, of which he had been the titular patron during life; only members of his own household followed him to the grave, amid the insolent jeers and imprecations of the *brave and intelligent republicans* who stood by; and a very modest inscription from the pen of Monsignor Laureani marks the spot—not far from the last resting-place of Tasso—where the remains of this extraordinary linguist and exemplary Christian were consigned to the dust.—*Rambler*.

JOURNEY IN TARTARY, THIBET AND CHINA.—IV.

BY THE ABBE HUC.

WE had not advanced an hour's journey on our way when we heard behind us the trampling of many horses, and the confused sound of many voices. We looked back, and saw hastening in our direction a numerous caravan. Three horsemen soon overtook us, one of whom, whose costume bespoke him a Tartar mandarin, addressed us with a loud voice, "Sirs, where is your country?" "We come from the west." "Through what district has your beneficial shadow passed?" "We have last come from Tolon-Noor." "Has peace accompanied your progress?" "Hitherto we have journeyed in all tranquillity. And you: are you at peace? And what is your country?" "We are Khalkhas, of the kingdom of

Mourguevan." "Have the rains been abundant? Are your flocks and herds flourishing?" "All goes well in our pasture-grounds." "Whither proceeds your caravan?" "We go to incline our foreheads before the Five Towers." The rest of the caravan had joined us in the course of this abrupt and hurried conversation. We were on the banks of a small stream, bordered with brushwood. The chief of the caravan ordered a halt, and the camels formed, as each came up, a circle, in the centre of which was drawn up a close carriage upon four wheels. "Sok! sok!" cried the camel-drivers, and at the word, and as with one motion, the entire circle of intelligent animals knelt. While numerous tents, taken from their backs, were set up, as it were, by enchantment, two mandarins, decorated with the blue button, approached the carriage, opened the door, and handed out a Tartar lady, covered with a long silk robe. She was the Queen of the Khalkhas repairing in pilgrimage to the famous Lamasery of the Five Towers, in the province of *Chan-Si*. When she saw us, she saluted us with the ordinary



QUEEN OF MOURGUEVAN.

form of raising both her hands: "Sirs Lamas," she said, "is this place auspicious for an encampment?" "Royal Pilgrim of Mourguevan," we replied, "you may light your fires here in all security. For ourselves, we must proceed on our way, for the sun was already high when we folded our tent." And so saying, we took our leave of the Tartars of Mourguevan.

Our minds were deeply excited upon beholding this queen and her numerous suite performing this long pilgrimage through the desert: no danger, no distance.

no expense, no privation deters the Mongols from their prosecution. The Mongols are, indeed, an essentially religious people; with them the future life is every thing; the things of this world nothing. They live in the world as though they were not of it; they cultivate no lands, they build no houses; they regard themselves as foreigners travelling through life; and this feeling, deep and universal, develops itself in the practical form of incessant journeys. At last, we entered upon the plains of the Red Banner, the most picturesque of the whole Tchakar.

Tchakar signifies, in the Mongol tongue, *Border Land*. This country is limited, on the east by the kingdom of *Gechekten*, on the west by *Western Toumet*, on the north by the *Souniot*, on the south by the Great Wall. Its extent is 150 leagues long, by 100 broad. The inhabitants of the *Tchakar* are all paid soldiers of the Emperor. The foot soldiers receive twelve ounces of silver per annum, and the cavalry twenty-four.

The *Tchakar* is divided into eight banners—in Chinese *Pa-Ki*—distinguished by the names of eight colors: white, blue, red, yellow, French white, light blue, pink, and light yellow. Each banner has its separate territory, and a tribunal, named *Nouou-Tchayn*, having jurisdiction over all the matters that may occur in the banner. Besides this tribunal, there is, in each of the Eight Banners a chief called *Ou-Gourdha*. Of the eight *Ou-Gourdhas* one is selected to fill at the same time the post of governor-general of the Eight Banners. All these dignitaries are nominated and paid by the Emperor of China. In fact, the *Tchakar* is nothing more nor less than a vast camp, occupied by an army of reserve. In order, no doubt, that this army may be at all times ready to march at the first signal, the Tartars are severely prohibited to cultivate the land. They must live upon their pay, and upon the produce of their flocks and herds. The entire soil of the Eight Banners is inalienable. It sometimes happens that an individual sells his portion to some Chinese; but the sale is always declared null and void if it comes in any shape before the tribunals.

It is in these pasturages of the *Tchakar* that are found the numerous and magnificent herds and flocks of the Emperor, consisting of camels, horses, cattle, and sheep. There are 360 herds of horses alone, each numbering 1,200 horses. It is easy from this one detail to imagine the prodigious number of animals possessed here by the Emperor. A Tartar, decorated with the white button, has charge of each herd. At certain intervals, inspectors-general visit the herds, and if any deficiency in the number is discovered, the chief herdsman has to make it good at his own cost. Notwithstanding this impending penalty, the Tartars do not fail to convert to their own use the wealth of the Sacred Master, by means of a fraudulent exchange. Whenever a Chinese has a broken-winded horse, or a lame ox, he takes it to the imperial herdsman, who for a trifling consideration, allows him to select what animal he pleases in exchange, from among the imperial herds. Being thus always provided with the actual number of animals, they can benefit by their fraud in perfect security.

Never in more splendid weather had we traversed a more splendid country. The desert is at times horrible, hideous; but it has also its charms—charms all the more intensely appreciated, because they are rare in themselves, and because they would in vain be sought in populated countries. Tartary has an aspect altogether peculiar to itself: there is nothing in the world that at all resembles a Tartar landscape. In civilized countries you find, at every step, populous towns, a rich and varied cultivation, the thousand and one productions of art and industry, the incessant movements of commerce. You are constantly impelled onwards, carried away, as it

were, by some vast whirlwind. On the other hand, in countries where civilization has not as yet made its way into the light, you ordinarily find nothing but primeval forests in all the pomp of their exuberant and gigantic vegetation. The soul seems crushed beneath a nature all-powerful and majestic. There is nothing of the kind in Tartary. There are no towns, no edifices, no arts, no industry, no cultivation, no forests; every where it is prairie, sometimes interrupted by immense lakes, by majestic rivers, by rugged and imposing mountains; sometimes spreading out into vast limitless plains. There, in these verdant solitudes, the bounds of which seem lost in the remote horizon, you might imagine yourself gently rocking on the calm waves of some broad ocean. The aspect of the prairies of Mongolia excites neither joy nor sorrow, but rather a mixture of the two, a sentiment of gentle, religious melancholy, which gradually elevates the soul, without wholly excluding from its contemplation the things of this world; a sentiment which belongs rather to Heaven than to earth, and which seems in admirable conformity with the nature of intellect served by organs.

You sometimes in Tartary come upon plains more animated than those you have just traversed; they are those whither the greater supply of water and the choicest pastures have attracted for a time a number of nomadic families. There you see rising in all directions tents of various dimensions, looking like balloons newly inflated, and just about to take their flight into the air. Children, with a sort of hod at their backs, run about collecting argols, which they pile up in heaps around their respective tents. The matrons look after the calves, make tea in the open air, or prepare milk in various ways; the men, mounted on fiery horses, and armed with a long pole, gallop about guiding to the best pastures the great herds of cattle which undulate, in the distance all around, like waves of the sea.



TARTAR ENCAMPMENT.

All of a sudden these pictures, so full of animation, disappear, and you see nothing of that which of late was so full of life. Men, tents, herds, all have vanished in the twinkling of an eye. You merely see in the desert heaps of embers, half-extinguished fires, and a few bones, of which birds of prey are disputing the possession. Such are the sole vestiges which announce that a Mongol tribe has just passed that way. If you ask the reason of these abrupt migrations, it is simply this:—the animals having devoured all the grass in the vicinity, the chief had given

the signal for departure; and all the shepherds, folding their tents, had driven their herds before them, and proceeded, no matter whither, in search of fresh fields and pastures new.

After having journeyed the entire day through the delicious prairies of the Red Banner, we halted to encamp for the night in a valley that seemed full of people. We had scarcely alighted, when a number of Tartars approached, and offered their services. After having assisted us to unload our camels, and set up our house of blue linen, they invited us to come and take tea in their tents. As it was late, however, we stayed at home, promising to pay them a visit next morning; for the hospitable invitation of our new neighbors determined us to remain for a day amongst them. We were, moreover, very well pleased to profit by the beauty of the weather, and of the locality, to recover from the fatigues we had undergone the day before.

Next morning, the time not appropriated to our little household cares, and the recitation of our breviary, was devoted to visiting the Mongol tents, Samdadchi-empa being left at home in charge of the tent.

We had to take especial care to the safety of our legs, menaced by a whole host of watch-dogs. A small stick sufficed for the purpose; but Tartar etiquette required us to leave these weapons at the threshold of our host's abode. To enter a man's tent with a whip or a stick in your hand is as great an insult as you can offer to the family; and quite tantamount to saying, "You are all dogs."

Visiting amongst the Tartars is a frank, simple affair, altogether exempt from the endless formalities of Chinese gentility. On entering, you give the word of peace *amor* or *mendou*, to the company generally. You then seat yourself on the right of the head of the family, whom you find squatting on the floor opposite the entrance. Next, every body takes from a purse suspended at his girdle a little snuff-bottle, and mutual pinches accompany such phrases as these: "Is the pasturage with you rich and abundant?" "Are your herds in fine condition?" "Are your mares productive?" "Did you travel in peace?" "Does tranquillity prevail?" and so on. These questions and their answers being interchanged always with intense gravity on both sides, the mistress of the tent, without saying a word, holds out her hand to the visitor. He as silently takes from his breast-pocket the small wooden bowl, the indispensable *vade mecum* of all Tartars, and presents it to his hostess, who fills it with tea and milk, and returns it. In the richer, more easily circumstanced families, visitors have a small table placed before them, on which is butter, oat-meal, grated millet, and bits of cheese, separately contained in little boxes of polished wood. These Tartar delicacies the visitors take mixed with their tea. Such as propose to treat their guests in a style of perfect magnificence make them partakers of a bottle of Mongol wine, warmed in the ashes. This wine is nothing more than skimmed milk, subjected for awhile to vinous fermentation, and distilled through a rude apparatus that does the office of an alembic. One must be a thorough Tartar to relish or even endure this beverage, the flavor and odor of which are alike insipid.

The Mongol tent, for about three feet from the ground, is cylindrical in form. It then becomes conical, like a pointed hat. The wood-work of the tent is composed below of a trellis-work of crossed bars, which fold up and expand at pleasure. Above these, a circle of poles, fixed in the trellis-work, meets at the top, like the sticks of an umbrella. Over the wood-work is stretched, once or twice, a thick covering of coarse linen, and thus the tent is composed. The door, which is always a folding-door, is low and narrow. A beam crosses it at the bottom by way of

threshold, so that on entering you have at once to raise your feet and lower your head. Besides the door there is another opening at the top of the tent to let out the smoke. This opening can at any time be closed with a piece of felt fastened above it in the tent, and which can be pulled over it by means of a string, the end of which hangs by the door.



INTERIOR OF A TARTAR TENT.

The interior is divided into two compartments; that on the left, as you enter, is reserved for the men, and thither the visitors proceed. Any man who should enter on the right side would be considered excessively rude. The right compartment is occupied by the women, and there you find the culinary utensils: large earthen vessels of glazed earth, wherein to keep the store of water; trunks of trees, of different sizes, hollowed into the shape of pails, and destined to contain the preparations of milk, in the various forms which they make it undergo. In the centre of the tent is a large trivet, planted in the earth, and always ready to receive a large iron bell-shaped caldron that stands by ready for use.

Behind the hearth, and facing the door, is a kind of sofa, the most singular piece of furniture that we met with among the Tartars. At the two ends are two pillows, having at their extremity plates of copper, gilt, and skilfully engraved. There is probably not a single tent where you do not find this little couch, which seems to be an essential article of furniture; but, strange to say, during our long journey we never saw one of them which seemed to have been recently made. We had occasion to visit Mongol families, where every thing bore the mark of easy circumstances, even of affluence, but every where alike this singular couch was shabby, and of ancient fabric. But yet it seems made to last for ever, and is regularly transmitted from generation to generation.

In the towns where Tartar commerce is carried on, you may hunt through every furniture shop, every broker's, every pawnbroker's, but you meet with not one of these pieces of furniture, new or old.

At the side of the couch, towards the men's quarter, there is ordinarily a small square press, which contains the various odds and ends that serve to set off the costume of this simple people. This chest serves likewise as an altar for a small image of Buddha. The divinity, in wood or copper, is usually in a sitting posture, the legs crossed, and enveloped up to the neck in a scarf of old yellow silk. Nine copper vases, of the size and form of our liqueur glasses, are symmetrically arranged before Buddha. It is in these small chalices that the Tartars daily make to their idol offerings of water, milk, butter, and meal. A few Thibetian books, wrapped in yellow silk, complete the decoration of the little pagoda. Those whose heads are shaved, and who observe celibacy, have alone the privilege of touching these prayer-books. A layman who should venture to take them into his impure and profane hands would commit a sacrilege.

A number of goats' horns, fixed in the wood-work of the tent, complete the furniture of the Mongol habitation. On these hang the joints of beef or mutton destined for the family's use, vessels filled with butter, bows, arrows, and matchlocks; for there is scarcely a Tartar family which does not possess at least one fire-arm. We were, therefore, surprised to find M. Timkouski, in his Journey to Peking,* making this strange statement: "The sound of our fire-arms attracted the attention of the Mongols, who are acquainted only with bows and arrows." The Russian writer should have known that fire-arms are not so foreign to the Tartars as he imagined; since it is proved already, as early as the commencement of the 13th century, *Teheng-Kis-Khan* had artillery in his armies.

The odor pervading the interior of the Mongol tent is, to those not accustomed to it, disgusting and almost insupportable. This smell, so potent sometimes that it seems to make one's heart rise to one's throat, is occasioned by the mutton grease and butter with which every thing on or about a Tartar is impregnated. It is on account of this habitual filth that they are called *Tsao-Ta-Dze* (Stinking Tartars) by the Chinese, themselves not altogether inodorous, or by any means particular about cleanliness.

Among the Tartars, household and family cares rest entirely upon the woman; it is she who milks the cows, and prepares the butter, cheese, &c.; who goes, no matter how far, to draw water; who collects the argol fuel, dries it, and piles it around the tent. The making of clothes, the tanning of skins, the fulling of cloth, all appertains to her; the sole assistance she obtains, in these various labors, being that of her sons, and then only while they are quite young.

The occupations of the men are of very limited range; they consist wholly in conducting the flocks and herds to pasture. This for men accustomed from their infancy to horseback is rather an amusement than a labor. In point of fact, the nearest approach to fatigue they ever incur is when some of their cattle escape; they then dash off at full gallop, in pursuit, up hill and down dale, until they have found the missing animals, and brought them back to the herd. The Tartars sometimes hunt; but it is rather with a view to what they can catch than from any amusement they derive from the exercise; the only occasion on which they go out with their bows and matchlocks are when they desire to shoot roebucks, deer, or pheasants, as presents for their chiefs. Foxes they always course. To shoot them, or take them in traps, would, they consider, injure the skin, which is held in high estimation among them. They ridicule the Chinese immensely on account of their trapping these animals at night. "We," said a famous hunter of the Red

* "Voyage à Peking, à travers la Mongolie, par M. G. Timkouski," chap. ii, p. 57.

Banner to us, "set about the thing in an honest straight-forward way. When we see a fox, we jump on horseback, and gallop after him till we have run him down."

With the exception of their equestrian exercises, the Mongol Tartars pass their time in absolute *far niente*, sleeping all night, and squatting all day in their tents, dozing, drinking tea, or smoking. At intervals, however, the Tartar conceives a fancy to take a lounge abroad; and his lounge is somewhat different from that of the Parisian idler; he needs neither cane nor quizzing-glass; but when the fancy occurs, he takes down his whip from its place above the door, mounts his horse, always ready saddled outside the door, and dashes off into the desert, no matter whither. When he sees another horseman in the distance, he rides up to him; when he sees the smoke of a tent, he rides up to that; the only object in either case being to have a chat with some new person.

The two days we passed in these fine plains of the *Tchakar* were not without good use. We were able at leisure to dry and repair our clothes and our baggage; but, above all, it gave us an opportunity to study the Tartars close at hand, and to initiate ourselves in the habits of the nomad peoples. As we were making preparations for departure, these temporary neighbors aided us to fold our tent and to load our camels. "Sirs Lamas," said they, "you had better encamp to-night at the Three Lakes; the pasturage there is good and abundant. If you make haste you will reach the place before sunset. On this side, and on the other side of the Three Lakes, there is no water for a considerable distance. Sirs Lamas, a good journey to you!" "Peace be with you, and farewell!" responded we, and with that proceeded once more on our way, Samdadchiemba heading the caravan, mounted on his little black mule. We quitted this encampment without regret, just as we had quitted preceding encampments; except, indeed, that here we left, on the spot where our tent had stood, a greater heap of ashes, and that the grass around it was more trodden than was usual with us.

TO BE CONTINUED.

For the Metropolitan.

SHORT ANSWERS TO POPULAR OBJECTIONS AGAINST RELIGION.

X.—DON'T MIND WHAT THE PRIESTS SAY; THEY HAVE THEIR TRADE AS WELL AS OTHERS.

Answer. Do you mean to say that priests are impostors? that they discharge their holy ministry, preach, baptise, celebrate mass, hear confessions, etc., and do not believe in what they say or do? that in performing these great functions they only seek some sordid interest? If you mean this, you not only insult the priest, but you calumniate him.

The priest of Jesus Christ an impostor! How do you know it? How can you make such a charge? How can you prove your accusation? Will you attempt to do so by citing the name of some bad priest? But do you not see that the exception supposes the rule? A bad priest would not be noticed if the immense majority were not pure, holy, and venerable men. An ink spot is easily seen on a white garment; it would scarcely be noticed on a black or dirty one.

Thus it is with the Catholic priesthood to whom impiety pays here an involuntary homage.

That there are unworthy clergymen is not to be wondered at; remember there was a Judas among the apostles. As the apostles who were the first priests and first bishops of the Church, cast off the unfaithful apostle and were not answerable for his crime, so the Church condemns the guilty priest who dishonors his sublime functions. She endeavors to bring him back to a sense of duty by mildness and the offer of pardon. Priests as well as other men are entitled to mercy. But if they do not amend, if they persevere in their evil ways, she cuts them off from her communion, strikes them with her anathemas, and forbids them to exercise the sacred ministry.

No, no; priests are not what the wicked would wish them to be; and this is the reason why priests are the objects of their aversion and hatred. They see in them the representatives of God who condemns their vices, the messengers of Jesus Christ whom they blaspheme and who will judge them. They see in them the personification of the law of God which they constantly violate, and they dislike the minister because they do not like his Master.

"It is their trade!" Yes, indeed, it is the admirable and sublime profession of the priests of Christ to endeavor to save the souls of their fellow-beings. The priest is called an evangelical laborer, because the mission he has received from the Saviour imposes on him a difficult and painful task. The common laborer works in material things; the priest works for the soul. As much as the soul is above matter, so much does the labor of the priest exceed all earthly toil. The priest continues on earth the great work of the salvation of the world. Jesus Christ, his God and his model, led the way; His priests only continue His work through succeeding ages. After His example the priest goes about doing good. He is the servant of all; his mind, his heart, his time, his health, his cares, his purse, his life, belong to all, especially to the lowly, the poor, the forlorn, the young, those who weep and have no friend.

He expects nothing in return for his self-devotion. Frequently his services are requited by insult and unworthy treatment. He answers by continuing his kind offices. What a life! What superhuman abnegation! In public calamities, in civil wars, in contagious diseases, during the cholera, the yellow fever, when pretended philanthropists run away, we see him exposing his health and his life to relieve and save his brethren. Such was Archbishop Affre on the barricades of Paris; such were Bishop Belunce and St. Charles Borromeo during the prevalence of the pestilence in Marseilles and Milan; such were all the clergy of Paris and of many other cities during the cholera of 1832 and 1849. Such are the clergy of New Orleans during the present dreadful ravages in that devoted city. Such is the profession, or as it is impiously termed, the trade of the priest.

How ungrateful are the people that would revile those whom they will call to assist them on their death-bed; those who blessed the first moments of their existence, and who are incessantly praying for them! All misfortunes follow from the non-observance of what is taught by priests. If France had known and practised the lessons inculcated by the ministers of God, she would not have been convulsed by three or four revolutions in the course of fifty years, and her only hope of salvation is in listening to the messengers of Him who saves the world. Priests are the salvation of the world. Without religion society must be destroyed. The enemies of the priesthood, therefore, are the enemies of their age and their country.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LAWRENCE, OR THE LITTLE SAILOR.

CHAPTER III.

Lawrence executes his project.

THE rain soon after ceased. A beauteous rainbow spanned the firmament, which became soon of an azure blue, and the sun shone out in all his gay splendor along the valley. "Let us hasten our pace," said the courageous little Lawrence, as drenched as if he had been dragged through a torrent; "let us hasten our pace that we may recover the time we have lost in the storm." And both sped along with the nimbleness of young lambs careering through green meadows. In less than an hour they had reached the foot of the hill. They could already see the little white house which rose behind a thicket of pine and beech-trees, and this was the end of their journey. But oh! the pain and the surprise! a frightful obstacle opposed all of a sudden their further progress and rendered abortive their anxious wishes. The river had swollen to a great height, and none dare attempt its passage without being exposed to a horrible and inevitable death. The grief of the children was excessive. "Patrick," said Lawrence, "you see that we cannot risk ourselves in this frightful torrent without certain destruction. Do you therefore, brother, return to Nice; as for me, I am determined, with God's help, to seek my fortune elsewhere." "Brother! brother!" exclaimed the desolate Patrick, "do not listen, I implore you, to such a wicked thought. Why should you leave me thus alone? who will weep with me, who will cheer and console me, if you abandon me? Oh Lawrence! oh my brother! I conjure you again and again, not to leave me!" and continuing in a similar strain of feeling and expression, he threw his arms around Lawrence, who was so affected with the despair of his poor little brother, that it was with great difficulty he replied: "Well, I will make this sacrifice. Let us return together, but if our step-mother punish us this evening, I assure to you, brother, it shall be the last time. Let us go forward then." And Lawrence led on Patrick. They slowly measured back the way which, a short time before, they had travelled with such rapidity. It was six o'clock when the poor children, exhausted from fatigue, drenched with rain and faint from hunger, re-entered the house. The terrified Patrick, to conceal himself from his step-mother, cowered behind Lawrence, who boldly said to Magdalen: "The river was so swollen from the rain that rushed down in torrents from the mountains that it was impossible to pass it, and this only is the reason why we have returned with empty hands." "Ah! ah! little rogue," cried Magdalen, in a passion, (for it was always on Lawrence that she wreaked her hatred, whether it was because he was the elder, and consequently the stronger, or because she felt some sort of tenderness for Patrick,) "ah! ah! little rogue, it is thus that you obey me! you are only a little hypocrite who prefers praying in churches to working." And seizing a whip she scourged Lawrence. As to Patrick he had absconded. "Oh father and mother," cried out Lawrence, bitterly weeping, "you see from the top of heaven where you now live, that I cannot endure longer so much hatred and misery. It is too much, I must escape from it." Pronouncing these words in a firm tone, Lawrence ascended the stairs that led to the garret where he used to sleep. Patrick was hidden there under a pile of hay. When Lawrence had entered the apartment he knelt down and prayed aloud: "Lord! Lord! I offer you this new punishment, but



And seizing a whip, she scourged Lawrence.

my patience is exhausted. Pardon me, then, if to escape the wretchedness of my position, I wander alone at the mercy of chance, having no support, no protector, but you. Have pity also on the poor child whom I leave under your holy protection." He then wept a long while, watering his bed with his burning tears. As to Patrick he was so terror-stricken of Magdalen, that he buried himself as deep as could be in the hay, so that he heard not the fervent prayer of Lawrence. Collecting however courage after some time, he ventured to look out and seeing no danger nigh, he went and threw himself on his brother's neck, whispering to him, "I am hungry, I am hungry."

His voice then died away and he sank into a peaceful

slumber. Lawrence, who could not sleep, so bent was he on realizing the project he meditated, packed up in the dark the little of clothing he possessed. Having done this, he flung himself on the mattress, but sleep avoided him as carefully as before. At the first cock-crow, the poor man's only clock, Lawrence bounded on his bed. Day was struggling through the crevices of the garret, while within and without every thing was lapped in silence. It is not time yet, thought the courageous child, lying down again; Magdalen may hear me. He fixed his eyes then on Patrick, who lay sleeping at a little distance from him. The sight of this unhappy little creature, so calm at that moment, violently agitated every pulsation of his heart. The trace of a sweet smile might be marked among the child's half opened lips, as if God had visited him with pleasing dreams whose reflected happiness then beamed on his countenance. His arms were extended as if they would embrace some one, or perhaps retain the brother who was going to abandon him. Lawrence at this picture felt his courage nearly fail him; he shed a torrent of tears. "Poor child!" thought he, "long shall my heart bleed with the remembrance of your despair and your wretchedness.—Poor Patrick! you have so much need of my tender care and sympathy, but you are better loved than I am by this woman; and I leave you, poor blessed angel, to the protection of God. I will pray to Him for you, dear Patrick. Ah! if you were not so weak, so little, I would say to you, 'Come, brother, follow me,' but you would only shackle my efforts, and from this act of courage no good could result either to you or to me.

Adieu, brother, adieu. Patrick be then tranquil; and if I shall ever succeed in gaining a morsel of bread, be assured that I will come and share it with you." At these words which Lawrence uttered in a loud voice he arose; for the moment appeared favorable to flight. The footsteps of Magdalen were heard descending the stairs, and the door turning on its grating hinges gave a loud bang that echoed through the whole house. Lawrence rose from his bed guarding as much as possible against the least noise. He did not wish to wake Patrick, for he feared, sensitive child, that his resolution would fail before the tears and entreaties of his brother; but Patrick continued still to sleep. After having cast a last and rapid look at the sleeping child, Lawrence descended in haste the ladder and forthwith stood in Magdalen's chamber. Palpitating and trembling from fear that redoubled at every sound from without, Lawrence seized a large loaf; then fastening his little parcel to the end of his stick, he placed it on his shoulder, and fled his father's house with the agitation and fear of the criminal who seeks to escape the requisitions of human justice. He darted into the street almost breathless and bewildered. The poor little fugitive flew through Nice like a frightened bird; the apprehension of being met by Magdalen supplying him with wings. Exhausted from fatigue in the space of an hour, Lawrence fell rather than sat on a stone by the way-side. He was then on the frontiers of France; he passed the bridge of Var, with his eyes fixed on the Italy he was leaving; then with a voice almost choked with sobbing he cried out: "Adieu, beloved Nice! adieu, sweet climate! adieu fair land in which my unhappy infancy has been passed! adieu, holy visions in which my mother comforted me! adieu, my father's house! Patrick, adieu!" And overwhelmed with an excess of trouble the afflicted child lowered his head on his bosom and poured forth a torrent of unrestrained tears. "I shall lose the strength and courage of which I have need," he suddenly exclaimed, "if I allow myself to be carried away by the emotion I experience. No, I will weep no longer." And then a sad smile sparkled through his tears, like a pale sun-beam glancing through dark clouds. He arose, took his stick with his little bundle, and resumed his journey. He was then fast leaving behind him, poor little pilgrim as he was, the smiling plains of Italy, the orangery with its golden fruit, the lovely flowers, the roses that blushed every where on his way, the ever green olives, the cactus and the prickly-leaved alves. The poor, little fugitive shut out from his mind, though not without violent efforts, every thing that was dear to him, and entwined with his most cherished associations. A few steps more, and he would no longer tread his natal soil; his feet would then press the land of France, this sister of Italy which he loved; this at least was some small consolation to the poor child. He took his first repast in the vicinity of the little village of St. Lawrence, the confine of the two countries. Seating himself on a tuft of grass, he cut a slice of bread and commenced his meal. "My provisions will not last long," thought he, casting a look on the loaf which he so vigorously attacked; "but happily there are charitable souls in the world who will not see me want. I shall blush a little, it is true, to ask alms of any one, to accept any thing that I shall not have earned by my own labor; it makes no matter, I must gain the end I have proposed to myself; I must reach Toulon. In this great port I shall assuredly find vessels ready to put to sea, vessels as large as houses, with their big sails unfurled, as I saw them the Sunday I lay stretched on the sea-shore at Nice. With what pride of triumph I shall ascend the deck!" And at this seductive hope his heart bounded with sweet joy; and he arose and pressed forward with haste, as if he were to finish his journey that day and go on board the vessel in which he was to em-

bark as sailor. This rapid pace he continued for some days, halting only at farm-houses or little villages on the way to procure either a little nourishment or a small place in a stable in which to pass part of the night. After a fatiguing march of four days, during which the poor little traveller had to undergo frequent humiliations and refusals, he arrived at Pignano, where he hoped that his distress would win the sympathy of some compassionate hearts. But there as every where else he had passed, his prayers were unheeded; he was treated as a little vagabond and rogue. His Italian accent induced the belief that he fled from his country because his conduct had been marked with bad antecedents. "Go back to your own country," did people say to him, "you are only a little villain that has been chased from it by your crimes. Go back then, lazzarone!" The unhappy little Lawrence felt for the moment his courage abandon him. "Oh! God punishes me," he exclaimed sobbing, "God punishes me for having quitted Patrick and the paternal roof." And then as he was remote from the people who had treated him with such brutality, he knelt down, raised his eyes towards heaven, and with clasped hands cried out in a most melting tone: "Lord, Lord, do not abandon me, do not withdraw from me your holy and powerful protection! I will redeem my faults by good actions and by the exact observance of all your holy commandments. Oh Lord, guide me, protect me, enlighten me in the dark path into which my pride perhaps has drawn me. Have pity, oh Lord, on an orphan, on a pilgrim child! Have you not said, oh Lord, that you love especially little children? Oh then, I am weak, I am little, I am perishing of hunger, protect me, protect me!" Having thus raised his heart to God, Lawrence resumed his route, and despite the weakness of his body and the pangs of hunger, he felt his heart bound with new hope, and under its inspiring influence he quickly sped over the leagues that still separated him from Cuers. On his arrival at this latter place, our little pilgrim exhausted from fatigue, heat and hunger, stretched himself beneath a broad-leaved fig tree and yielding to the lethargy that stole over his senses, his heavy eye-lids closed and he sank into a deep sleep.

CHAPTER IV.

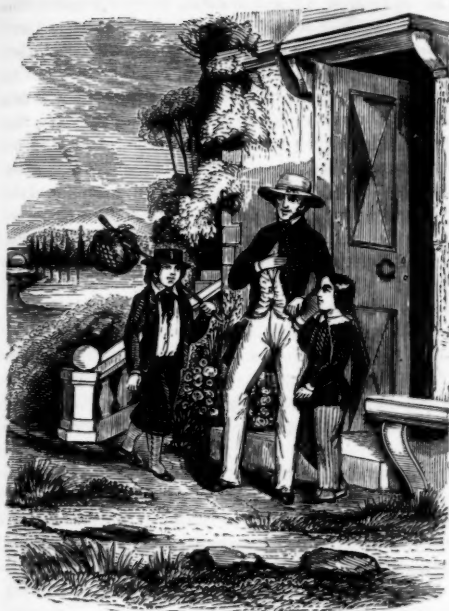
The young Octavius—Lawrence receives succor and protection.

In the village of Cuers at which Lawrence had arrived, there lived a family whose circle of duties seemed to embrace only the love and practice of religion and virtue. Octavius was the only son of virtuous parents, who reared him with the tenderest care and watched over his spiritual well-being with the most anxious solicitude. The greatest and purest of pleasures consists in dispensing wealth, when we are blest with it, in acts of beneficence. M. Gestin never experienced greater joy than when he had it in his power to succor the wretched by his money as well as by his protection and advice. Governed by such happy principles, each day that furnished him with an opportunity of doing good to his fellow-creatures, would he say to his wife, who shared his sentiments: "Behold, another day well spent. Life is short, time flies with rapidity; not to diffuse beneficence which costs the possessor so little, is to ignore the will of God and to stray wide of the rich man's mission on earth."

The little Octavius, though yet scarcely seven years of age, had already imbibed the precepts of his family; which, being daily put in practice, were to a child

endowed with native sensibility, an example that fructified in his young heart and intelligence. M. Gestin was called by the whole country around the father of the poor. To show how beloved and respected he was, it may suffice to state, that fervent wishes were offered up that his example might find imitators who, like him, would call forth in the hearts of the people the hallowed feelings of affection and veneration. Octavius had been engaged at study three consecutive hours, when his mother, imprinting a loving kiss on his brow, said to him: "Go, my child, take some recreation, I am satisfied with you." The child, light as a butterfly, was soon sporting along the green meadow, which at this season of the year was beautified with red-poppy blue-bells and smiling little daisies that seemed to say, come and cull me.

Octavius began to form a large bouquet of all these flowers, to which he added the timid hyacinth that scented all around with its odoriferous breath, then to vary his innocent amusement, he wove them into a crown which he placed on his pure white brow. Thus adorned the charming child, with heart overflowing with joy, frolicked through the surrounding fields. The attention of Octavius was suddenly arrested at the sight of a young boy, who lay sleeping under the thick shade of a fig tree. His walking stick was at his side, while the little bundle that contained his all, answered as a pillow for his head. His long hair fell in disorder over his shoulders and his face, which was still moist from the tears he shed, ere sleep subdued him. Octavius continued some moments contemplating this child who appeared quite a stranger to the country. His little imagination exhausted itself in conjecturing who he might be or what he himself ought to do. Wherefore was it that, while all were at work, this little boy was so sluggishly sleeping? Suddenly the object of his attention gave a slight move. Lawrence, for it was he, gave a deep sigh, quickly arranged his dress, and brushing away sleep from his eyes, fixed them on the child that stood before him with a crown of flowers on his brow, like a blessed angel of the Lord—an angel of hope and of consolation. The two children regarded each other for some time without speaking, they then smiled like old acquaintances; Octavius first broke silence—"You sleep very soundly," said he. "It is because I am extremely fatigued and very hungry, young sir," replied Lawrence. "You are hungry!" resumed Octavius, with an air of sadness, he did not know yet what misery was, "you must be then very poor." "Yes, yes, very poor, I have not eaten any thing since yesterday." "Is it possible!" exclaimed Octavius, "you have then no home, no mother to supply you with bread and dainties." "Alas," said Lawrence, shedding some tears, "I have no home but the wide world, and as to my mother, she is above." And he pointed his finger to the blue sky over him, sobbing bitterly at his bereaved condition. "Oh! do not weep thus," cried Octavius, deeply touched at the spectacle; and he wiped the tears that in silence coursed down his beautiful, pale countenance. "Do not weep, but follow me; come, my mamma, I assure you, is very good to me; my papa is charitable, I am certain that they will give you your dinner; have no fear, follow me." "I must not," answered Lawrence, "I will not be a beggar." "Will you then render me disconsolate?" gravely replied Octavius, "This is not right—you do not then care about giving pain to others; you see that I too weep." And the amiable child endeavored to raise Lawrence. He seized his stick, and parcel, and pulled him along by the vest. Lawrence could not long resist such a pressing invitation, and preceded by the little Octavius he soon crossed the hospitable threshold of M. Gestin. Oh! how happy was our poor little traveller, when after having answered all the questions of this kind-



Well, my child, since you so ardently desire to become a sailor, it is in my power to secure you the means.

kind mother who watches over all her children." Conducted by Octavius, who was his first protector and the instrument which God used to mark out for him a more easy and less rugged path, Lawrence entered an apartment where a substantial repast was served up to him. After he had satisfied the imperious demands of nature, and had been furnished with a letter of recommendation to a naval officer by M. Gestin, Lawrence who had received no education but that of the heart, understood full well that it would be the height of indelicacy to abuse so much kindness by remaining longer in this hospitable mansion. "I am going to depart, sir," said he to M. Gestin, "carrying with me the recollection of your goodness and benefactions. I long to embark on board some vessel in order to prove to those who have been good enough to protect me, that I am not unworthy their confidence and care." "Take then this purse, my child," said M. Gestin to him. "Oh! do not blush, I have never felt more joy at being able to do a kindness than to-day. I hope, yes, I am sure that my benevolence has been exerted on a deserving object." "I accept it," said Lawrence, "this money will conduct me to happiness. May God bless your holy house, sir." Saying this, the little traveller took his stick and bundle, and taking a tender leave of Octavius, and bowing a profound adieu to M. Gestin and his wife, he went forth with joyous soul and contented heart. Our young exile, who so suddenly passed from the depths of

hearted man, the latter said to him: "Well: my child, since you so ardently desire to become a sailor, it is in my power to secure to you the means. I will write to one of my best friends, the commandant of a frigate which is now about to sail; I doubt not but that at my request he will admit you among his crew." Lawrence wanted language to express to M. Gestin his deep-felt gratitude, but the tears of its emotion glistened in his eyes, and the father of Octavius was not slow to understand this mute language of the heart. "Be without uneasiness," added he, "remain here a few days with me to repair your strength that has been shattered by fatigue and harrowing hunger, and never doubt the protection of God. Providence is a

despair and wretchedness to the fullness of joy and of hope, flew over rather than walked the road that led from Cuers to Toulon; such was the anxiety of Lawrence to see this wonderful port, on which his mind had been so long fixed and of which Nice only gave a very faint idea, if the report he had heard were true. In fact, the port of Nice is always deserted; no vessels save large fishing smack to interrupt its solitude or float on its waters. How can it be compared with that port, whose roadsteads are perpetually floating forests; with Toulon, that war-port flanked on either side with two impregnable towers. And wholly occupied either with thanking God for His visible protection, or thinking of M. Gestin and the young Octavius, or counting the money which the purse contained (twenty francs) our dry land sailor, as we say, heeded not the vegetation that bloomed on his path. Having arrived at the village of Valette, he caught a distant glance of the sea which, like a vast mirror, reflected the burning sun above. The child was dazzled at the sight and felt as if seized with the vertigo; yet did he urge on his flying footsteps, so that in a quarter of an hour after he at last entered Toulon by the Italian gate. The movement along its crowded streets of so many people from all parts of the world, the soldiers ranged in battle array parading the city in every direction, the martial music that never ceased clanging, all this din in fine of a war-city rung bewilderment on the ears of our little Nicadian. He traversed the streets of Toulon without knowing where to stay. Having arrived at the Place au Foin, he saw a group of gentlemen seated at the door of a coffee-house. With his cap in one hand and the letter of recommendation from M. Gestin in the other, he advanced respectfully to these men, who appeared to belong to the most respectable class of society. "Messieurs," said the poor little child, falteringly, "will you be so good as to read the address of this letter and point me the house to which it is directed." "By Jove, my little friend," said the naval officer, smiling, to whom Lawrence tendered the letter, "some good genius has inspired you to address me." Having then opened the letter and perused its content, he affably said to Lawrence, "Follow me, my child, I am M. Gestin's friend." Lawrence quite astonished followed Captain Duraset to his house. "You appear to me a very determined little fellow," said M. Duraset, looking at him very searchingly. "But tell me what is the true cause of your having left Nice? Tell me, in fine, why at so tender an age you have quitted your family? Know you, my poor little fellow, that a vocation to sea requires a very determined resolution, or rather a complete ignorance of the severe discipline that is exercised towards sailors, else whence is it that while yet so young, you so freely expose yourself to its rude chastisements? For you must know, my dear child, that once on board of a vessel, you cannot expect indulgence from any person, no allowance is made for age, for weeping or capricious children; the chiefs are stern and inflexible, they obey themselves but duty, nothing but duty. All the sailors, young and old, must obey their superiors, as the ship obeys the helm that steers it. There is nought then but obedience always and for all." While the Captain was speaking, Lawrence, though paying great attention to him, had framed an answer to the first question, and when the Captain had finished said to him: "M. Gestin has not then informed you that I was an orphan, and that I fled my father's house on account of the harsh treatment I received from a step-mother who hated me. Oh! every thing I tell you, sir, is the exact truth. If this woman, whom I should have been willing to call mother, had testified the least affection for me, never, oh! never would I have left my country; never, above all, would I have abandoned my poor brother, whom I so love, and for whom I am so anxious to labor. Yes, my vocation to sea must

be very strong, irrevocably fixed, since I could tear myself from my adored brother Patrick. As to your apprehension, sir, regarding the discipline of the ship, I pray you to be satisfied on this point; for I assure you nothing can terrify me. Be convinced that if I shall merit punishment, be it ever so harsh and severe, I shall bear it with unmurmuring resignation, as being the just consequence of my transgressions." Thus spoke Lawrence; doubtless in other terms, but his firm and decided tone very much pleased M. Duraset. Through the clumsy exterior of this child of humble birth, the Captain saw a strong and energetic soul susceptible of the greatest courage and devotion. He tacitly promised to protect him if he should realise the hopes he conceived of him. "All right, my brave lad," said he, blandly patting the blushing cheeks of Lawrence. "I entertain a good opinion of you; let your actions realise its truth, and you will have reason to congratulate yourself on my bearing towards you; but," added he, "let me have the address of your step-mother. I must have the obituary certificate of your parents. Indeed, without this, my lad, no embarkation." "Oh! heaven," exclaimed Lawrence, in despair, "I would prefer being overwhelmed with the greatest calamities rather than renounce the hope of becoming a sailor; and if my step-mother should oppose my enrollment and recall me to Nice, oh sir! oh! oh! my protector! . . ." And Lawrence wrung his hands, and his eyes became brimful of tears. M. Duraset was much affected at it. "Child," said he, "you are free. The only persons in the world that could exercise right over your person, were your father and mother who, unhappily for you, are now no more. Fear nothing then and confide to me the care of your future lot. You shall never leave me." And M. Duraset forthwith sat down to write to Magdalen.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ASPIRATION.

What is sunshine? what is dew?

Gentle rain, or balmy air?
Herbs and weeds, as well as you,
Get their share.

What is clothing, shelter, food?

Birds and beasts, with little care,
In the field or pathless wood,
Find their share.

What is treasure—gems and gold?

Can they have a charm for thee?
Shallow men, and women bold,
Rich may be.

What the idle breath of fame,

On the idle lips of men?
Soon, like withered leaves on flame,
Cold again.

Can you be content with this—

Which the birds and weeds enjoy?
Cheat thyself and call it bliss,
Delight, and joy?

What is shared by men unjust

Cannot be the highest prize;

21st March, 1853.

From thy feet shake off the dust,
And higher rise!

Human wisdom, vain and proud,
Can but hide the light of love;
As the changeful, drifting cloud,
The sun above.

From the mountain's crown of snow,
Earth is wider seen, 'tis true;
But the heavens darker grow
To the view.

Wealth and knowledge, fame and power,
So tempting to the toys of time—
Fail to purchase for one hour
The height sublime—

Where sit enthron'd the higher gifts
Of Charity, and Hope, and Faith:
Which soothes, sustains, and guides, and lifts
O'er life and death.

Oh! more than sunshine, food, or praise,
Or all this fever'd world can give—
Aspire to; and to Him upraise
Thine eye and live!

FORTE CRAYON.

THE PROPHECIES OF MALACHI.—III.

LEO XII. CANIS ET COLUBER.—A DOG AND A SERPENT.

MALACHI speaks of the new Pontiff as "*Canis et Coluber—a dog and a serpent.*" All of us have read and heard a good deal of the *sagacity* of the dog and "the *wisdom* of the serpent." We will therefore see whether Leo XII, was remarkable for these attributes or not. Scarcely was his coronation over, when he began the great work of his reign, the rectifying of abuses, and the restraining of excesses. He applied the pruning knife to both Church and State. He began with the customs and the revenue, in both which departments much peculation and embezzlement was carried on. He trusted no one, but examined the returns and the balance-sheets himself, and more than once he suddenly appeared here and there *in propria persona* at times and in places where he was but little expected. In one or two religious houses, some laxity of discipline had crept in, and the rule was not very scrupulously followed. He at once had the superiors into his presence, questioned them, pointed out the irregularities, and insisted on amendment. He learnt that in one community the church was kept in a filthy condition, and that the altar linen was not sufficiently clean for the sacred purpose to which it belonged. He accordingly visited the church, and was received with as much solemnity as the suddenness of his coming would allow. He knelt for a short time before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament in prayer, then rose, went up to the high altar, which was coated with dust, and with his finger he traced upon it these words, "LEONE XII, PAPA." He then turned and left the church without further remonstrance. Nor was more required; Italians are not slow to take a hint, and this was one sufficiently broad for the clergy of the church to understand thereby, that for the future they would be expected to keep things in better order. Every one who has visited Rome must have seen the hospital of the Santo Spirito. It lies on your left hand as you go from the bridge of St. Angelo to St. Peter's. It is probably the finest foundation of the kind in the world, as provision is there made for receiving thousands of invalids, and no patient is ever turned from its gates. Relays of nurses, men and women, succeed each other alternately night and day, so as never to leave the sufferers for a moment unattended by some one. There are priests likewise attached to the hospital, to afford the consolations of religion to the sick, and to prepare the dying for their last passage. In every ward a confessor is stationed during the brightness of the day and the silence of the dark, and a constant vigil is thus kept over the sufferers "from the morning watch even until night." It would seem, however, that in Leo's time, some little remissness had crept into this department also, and whispers reached the Vatican of a soul having past to its account not fortified with the last comforts of the Church. To know of the existence of an abuse was to remedy it. The *Canis et Coluber* however took a means of his own to effect this. He did not institute a commission of enquiry, nor allow room for prevarication by examining witnesses third hand, he determined to visit the hospital and judge for himself. But he gave no notice of his intention, for that would be but to defeat his own ends. It was midnight; the nurses snored melodiously in their easy chairs; the night-porters had ensconced themselves in the cosiest corners; and the abbates were dreaming in the recesses of their blankets. One priest, however, "slumbered not nor slept" in the hospital; with a purple stole about his neck, hanging over fevered lips, receiving the outpourings of a contrite heart, and

comforting the dying sinner, sat the high-priest of the Catholic world, Pope Leo XII. At a few yards distance knelt a young ecclesiastic, holding in a silver vessel the holy oils used by the Church in conferring extreme unction. This was Monsignor Altieri, now a Cardinal priest. When the confession was finished, he arose and assisted his Holiness, repeating the responses, while he administered to the passing soul the last offices of the Church. One thing only was now wanting to complete his work, the patient must receive the viaticum to fortify him against the terrors of his last journey. Leo had now no further reason for concealing his presence in the hospital, he had examined for himself, and had found facts confirming but too strongly what rumor had asserted. No one was at his post; the poor invalids were left quite helpless and alone to wrestle with death; it was leaving the dead to bury their dead. Having thus satisfied himself, Leo took the following means of beginning a reproof, which ended in the dismissal of all the officials. He desired Monsignor Altieri to go back to the Vatican, and to bring the Blessed Sacrament from the private chapel, but he told him at the same time to care for having it conducted with due solemnity from the palace. Altieri departed to execute his commission, and during his absence Leo sat by the sick man's bed-side, praying with him, and preparing him to make his communion. In a short time, however, the darkness of the night was illumined by the flaring of flambeaux; by the ruddy glare you could see the surpliced priest, the acolyte with the processional lantern, and the Swiss body-guard with his quaint uniform and his gleaming halberd; you might hear the prancing of horses and the clattering of sabres, as a troop of the noble guard defiled into the cortile of the Santo Spirito. Then came three state carriages drawn by Arabian steeds, and all who saw their gilded wheels and red panels, knew them to be the Pope's carriages. The last drew up at the great entrance, and from it emerged Monsignor Altieri, carrying the Blessed Sacrament, and as he passed from the carriage to the hospital, he was covered by the Conbrellino, and the tinkling of a bell gave notice of his approach. No more remains to be told. The negligent priests came hurrying in half dressed to see what was the matter. Nothing was said to them; the only reproof they received just then was the cold silence which they met with. The next day more diligent successors were provided for them; and it will be safe to suppose that during the remainder of that pontificate, at least, the patients of Santo Spirito received better attention.

One instance more, and we leave Malachi's prophecy in the hands of our readers. But in introducing the following anecdote, we must preface it by a couplet from the Lay of the Last Minstrel:

"I know not how the truth may be,
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

Because, as there are many events in the lives of all great men, that never find their way into the pages of written history, so with the Popes; many of their actions are related from mouth, to mouth among the seven hills, but make their way no further. The following trait of character is of this class. It was often told to the writer during a visit to Rome, and although it is not to be found in the pages of Rooke, still there is very little doubt of its authenticity, and this proviso is made, simply because we do not wish to commit ourselves to an unqualified statement, in whose defence we cannot quote chapter and verse. Annually, at Shrove-tide, the Romans hold a great merry-making called the Carnival. Their object in this is to celebrate a kind of farewell to enjoyment before plunging into the austerities of Lent,

In order to give some idea of how the Carnival is carried on we will transcribe a description of it from a modern book of travels.—And if the reader finds it rather long, he will probably find it sufficiently graphic and interesting to repay perusal; and we introduce it with less scruple, because the following anecdote of Leo XII turns upon an attempt by some scrupulous individuals to “put it down” as a very demoralizing custom.

“The Corso is the great fountain-head and focus of the Carnival. But all the streets in which the Carnival is held, being vigilantly kept by dragoons, it is necessary for carriages, in the first place, to pass, in line, down another thoroughfare, and so come into the Corso at the end remote from the Porta del Popolo, which is one of its terminations. Accordingly, we fell into the string of coaches, and, for some time, jogged on quietly enough; now crawling on at a very slow walk; now trotting half a dozen yards; now backing fifty; and now stopping altogether, as the pressure in front obliged us. If any impetuous carriage dashed out of the rank, and clattered forward with the wild idea of getting on faster, it was suddenly met, or overtaken by a trooper on horseback, who, deaf as his own drawn sword to all remonstrances, immediately escorted it back to the very end of the row, and made it a dim speck in the remotest perspective. Occasionally, we interchanged a volley of comfits (a compound of sugar and lime) with the carriage next in front, or the carriage next behind; but, as yet, the capture of the stray and errant coaches by the military, was the chief amusement.

“Presently, we came into a narrow street, where, besides one line of carriages going, there was another line of carriages returning. Here the sugar-plums and the nosegays began to fly about pretty smartly; and I was fortunate enough to observe one gentleman, attired as a Greek warrior, catch a light-whiskered brigand on the nose with a precision that was much applauded by the bystanders. As this victorious Greek was exchanging a facetious remark with a stout gentleman in a doorway—one-half black and one-half white, as if he had been peeled up the middle—who had offered him his congratulations on this achievement, he received an orange from a house-top, full on his left ear, and was much surprised, not to say discomfited.

“Some quarter of an hour of this sort of progress brought us to the Corso; and any thing so gay, so bright, and lively as the whole scene there, it would be difficult to imagine. From all the innumerable balconies; from the remotest and highest, not less than from the lowest and nearest; hangings of bright red, bright green, bright blue, white and gold were fluttering in the brilliant sunshine. From windows, and from parapets, and tops of houses, streamers of the richest colors, and draperies of the gaudiest and most sparkling hues, were floating out upon the street. Shop fronts were taken down, and the windows filled with company, like boxes at a shining theatre; doors were carried off their hinges, and long tapestried groves, hung with garlands of flowers and evergreens, displayed within; builders’ scaffoldings were gorgeous temples, radiant in silver, gold, and crimson; and in every nook and corner, from the pavement to the chimney-tops, where woman’s eyes could glisten, there they danced, and laughed, and sparkled like the light in water.

“The carriages were now three a-breast; in broader places four; often stationary for a long time together; always one close mass of variegated brightness. In some, the horses richly caparisoned in magnificent trappings; in others, they were decked from head to tail with flowing ribbons. Some were driven by coachmen with enormous double faces; one leering at the horses, the other darting its extraordinary eyes into the carriage; and both rattling again, under the hail of sugar-plums.

Others were attired as women, wearing long ringlets and no bonnets, and looking more ridiculous in any real difficulty with the horses (of which, in such a concourse, there were a great many, than tongue can tell or pen describe. Carriages delayed long in one place, would begin a deliberate engagement with other carriages or with people at the lower windows; and the spectators at some upper balcony or window, joining in the fray, and attacking both parties, would empty down great bags of comfits, that descended like a cloud, and in an instant made them as white as millers. Still, carriages on carriages, dresses on dresses, colors on colors, crowds upon crowds, without end. Men and boys, clinging to the wheels of coaches and holding on behind, and following in their wake, and diving in among the horses' feet to pick up scattered flowers to sell again; maskers on foot (the drollest generally) in fantastic exaggerations of court-dresses, surveying the throng through enormous eye-glasses and always transported with an ecstasy of love, on the discovery of any particularly old lady at a window; long strings of Policinelli laying about them, with blown bladders at the ends of sticks; a wagon-full of madmen, screaming and tearing to the life; a coach-full of grave Mamelukes, with their horse-tail standard set up in the midst: a party of gipsy women engaged in terrific conflict with a ship-full of sailors; a man-monkey on a pole, surrounded by strange animals with pigs' faces, and lions' tails, carried under their arms, or worn gracefully over their shoulders: carriages on carriages, dresses on dresses, colors on colors, crowds upon crowds, without end. Not many actual characters sustained, or represented, perhaps, considering the number dressed; but the main pleasure of the scene consisting in its perfect good temper; in its bright, and infinite and flashing variety; and in its entire abandonment to the mad humor of the time—an abandonment so perfect, so contagious, so irresistible, that the steadiest foreigner fights up to his middle in flowers and sugar-plums, like the wildest Roman of them all, and thinks of nothing else till half-past four o'clock, when he is suddenly reminded, to his great regret) that this is not the whole business of his existence, by hearing the trumpets sound, and seeing the dragoons begin to clear the Corso for the horse-race."²⁹

We would gladly extract the description of the horse-race and the Moccoletti, but our digression has been long enough already, and we must return to Leo in the Vatican, for he is hearing a complaint against the immorality of the Carnival. But before quitting our author we will have his opinion of its innocence or otherwise, and we must bear in mind that he has declared that he has "no sympathy with the Catholic faith." He concludes his account thus: "I shall always remember it as a brilliant and most captivating sight: no less remarkable for the unbroken good humor of all concerned, down to the very lowest, than for its innocent vivacity. For, odd as it may seem to say so of a sport so full of thoughtlessness and personal display, it is as free from any taint of immodesty as any general mingling of the two sexes can possibly be; and there seems to prevail during its progress a feeling of general, almost childish simplicity and confidence, which one thinks of with a pang when the Ave Maria has rung it away, for a whole year."

In an ante-room of the Vatican, waiting for an audience of his holiness the Pope, stood a little man, rather advanced in years. He was as dissimilar to the courtier crowds about him as any one could well imagine. Purple and golden embroidery and silken robes formed their attire, while he was clad in the coarse garb of a Capuchin friar. Though low in stature, he was rather stout: from his shoulders to his ancles he was enveloped in a habit of coarse brown serge, a rope encircled his waist, and a pair of sandals, fastened with leather thongs, protected the soles of his

²⁹ From Dickens' "*Pictures from Italy*."

feet from the roughness of the road, leaving the upper part, however, exposed to the roughness of the weather. His head was shorn, so as to leave merely a ring of hair encircling it like a crown; a noble beard descending to his waist completed the portrait. He appeared to notice nothing that was going on around, but sat with his eyes quietly cast down, waiting for his turn to come to enter the presence. At either end of the room stood a body of the noble guard, with drawn swords; in the next apartment was a company of the civic guard; and throughout the various waiting-rooms were distributed groups of the Swiss body-guard, with their quaint uniform and glittering battle-axes. Now and then a Cardinal glides by, sweeping the vast hall with his scarlet train, and encircled by the various officers of his household. Now it is a messenger despatched to some public office; now a dragoon clanks by, bearing the order of the day; and the banging of distant doors, the ringing of bells, and all sorts of bustle, make it a sufficiently animating scene. At last a curtain, at the farther end of the large hall, in which we are supposed to have stationed ourselves, is raised, and forth issues the General of the Jesuits from an audience. His arms are filled with papers, for the business he has been transacting has reference to the affairs of the Order in every quarter of the habitable globe. He is very tall and slender, and never raises his eyes from the floor as he passes along. Still, he manages to see every thing somehow, for he returns with punctilious courtesy every salutation he has received; and they are pretty numerous too. Our little friend stands rather in the rear; but still the General of the Jesuits perceives him among all the throng, and salutes him with a deeper reverence than the others, showing at once that he is a man of some mark. He is, in fact, the General of the Capuchins, which is the most numerous and most popular order of friars in Rome, being entirely devoted to the service of the poor. And now, if the truth must be told, the Father-General of the Capuchins is about to wait upon the Pope, to entreat him to abolish the Carnival, as being a festival that encourages a deal of licentiousness and immorality among the people. A week before he had an audience, and had presented the same request; but the Pope, with his usual caution, had taken a sufficient time to think about it, to enquire, and determine upon a line of conduct. The friar has returned to urge his petition again; but he is too late for this year, because the Carnival has already begun, and while he stands in the waiting-room, the Corso is thronged with maskers. And now a *Cameriere* approaches him, and by a graceful gesture gives him to understand that it is his turn to appear before the Pope. He enters the audience-chamber, genuflects thrice as he approaches the throne, kisses the jewelled cross on Leo's slipper, and begins to speak. But Leo interrupts him for a moment by ringing a small bell; an officer enters, and the Pope informs him that no more audiences will be given that day, and that all who are waiting must return the next morning; and before the Capuchin has time to say more, Leo addresses him: "I have considered the matter which you mentioned to me last week, and I am decidedly of opinion, that if the license exists which you represent, the sooner the Carnival is abolished the better." Here a smile breaks out over the features of the friar; he fancies he has succeeded. The Pope continues: "It would, however, be a grave matter to deprive the people of their amusement inconsiderately; and, in cases of this kind, I always make it a rule to judge for myself." The smile gave way to a look of doubt; he wondered what Leo was driving at. All uncertainty, however, was remarkably soon cleared up, when the Pope went on to say; "In order, therefore, to enable me to come to a fair conclusion, I have determined to be present at the Carnival myself. For this purpose I have here two dominoes; (he produced them) you shall wear one, and I will put

on the other. In this disguise it will be quite impossible for any one to know us, we can mingle in every thing; and I shall be able to judge much more correctly than by questioning third parties." To use a conventional phrase, the friar began to look rather blue on hearing this, and he at once proceeded to expostulation. "Oh, no, Holy Father; that would be very dangerous. Consider what a scandal it would bring on religion if it became known that one in my position mingled in such dissipation." "Set your mind at rest on that head," said Leo: "so long as I am with you, you will not get into very bad company; and where I go, you need not hesitate to accompany me." In fact, he had made up his mind, and objection was worse than useless. After a few necessary orders had been given, they proceeded to an inner apartment, and in half an hour's time, a carriage drove across the Piazza Rusticucci, bearing towards the Corso two maskers, enveloped in black dominoes. The taller of the two sat remarkably at his ease, but a close observer might have seen that a pair of very brilliant eyes shot their glances from beneath his mask, and seemed to be taking stock of every thing and every body as they passed along. The other masker seemed very fidgetty and uncomfortable for a holiday maker: and fidgetty and uncomfortable as he was, he would probably have been rather more so, had he been aware that he carried on his back a large paper label, furtively pinned there by his companion, which bore upon it the following words, in very legible characters:

"Questo è il Padre Generale dei Cappuccini."
This is the Father-General of the Capuchins.

As they passed along, they attracted no notice; there were so many similarly dressed, and all bent on the same errand. However, when they entered the Corso, the fun grew fast and furious. Every one was on the look-out for something to make fun of. At last, one lucky wight happened to cast his eye on the fatal ticket, and as he read it aloud, his words reached the trembling ears of the poor friar: "*Questo è il Padre Generale dei Cappuccini*." Long live the Father-General of the Capuchins!

He started, like a guilty thing, and ejaculated: "*Ma che! hai sentito, Santo Padre?—Oh! Did you hear that, Holy Father?*"

Oh yes! he had heard it well enough; and they very soon heard more of it. For a chorus of voices took up the burden of the song, and the word passed from mouth to mouth,—“Three cheers for the Father-General of the Capuchins!” Of course nobody suspected who it was in reality; but they raised the cry, as the maskers are always ready to enter into the spirit of any character. Thus, when a doctor appears, he is sure to meet a patient before he has gone many yards; clients propose knotty questions to *pseudo-lawyers*; and on one occasion, the writer remembers to have seen a fine tall bandit, “bearded like a pard,” and evidently not a little proud of his figure, suddenly buried in the embraces of a grisly dwarf, who pretended to weep for joy at having at length found his long-lost son! It was in this spirit the cry was raised that so terrified the poor friar; he begged and entreated Leo to leave the Corso; but the Pope was not to be turned from his purpose, till he had seen what he wanted. We have no record of his opinion, but the fact of his allowing the Carnival to be continued, is proof sufficient that he discovered no very great amount of depravity to result from it.

Such were the means invariably adopted by Leo XII, to arrive at the truth of all facts on which he was called upon to judge. During his short pontificate, he reformed many abuses in discipline and government; perhaps too many to suit some

people. His death was very sudden; and a curious fact connected with it, is a presentiment he seems to have had that his day was drawing near; for he sent for a skilful worker in brass one day, and dictated to him an epitaph. He desired him to inlay it with brazen letters in white marble; it was merely half a dozen words, declaring himself to be the most humble client of St. Leo the Great, his heavenly patron, and begging his powerful prayers. He desired that it might be done by a certain day, and he gave orders that after his death, he should be buried beneath the pavement of the Church, before St. Leo's altar. In a fortnight he was no more; and as the visitor to St. Peter's stands admiring the *alto-relievo* which represents the Great Leo in the act of rebuking the savage Goth, let him look beneath his feet, and he will find that he is standing on the grave of Pope Leo XII, *canis et coluber*.—*Lamp.*

CRYSTAL PALACE AT NEW YORK.

RESERVOIR Square on which it is erected, lies at the northern extremity of the city of New York, west of the Croton Distributing Reservoir, and between that vast erection and the Sixth Avenue. The precise distance from the Reservoir to the Sixth Avenue is 445 feet; and the width, north, and south, from Fortieth to Forty-second street, is 455 feet.

This piece of ground is nearly square. The shape is unfavorable for architectural purposes. In other respects, no better spot for the purpose could be found in the city. The Sixth Avenue rail road runs directly past it; the Fourth Avenue rail road runs near it; and it lies immediately in the vicinity of the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Avenues—the principal thoroughfares of that part of the city.

The main features of the building are as follows: it is, with the exception of the floor, entirely constructed of iron and glass. The general idea of the edifice is a Greek cross, surmounted by a dome at the intersection. Each diameter of the cross is 365 feet 5 inches long. There are three similar entrances: one on Sixth Avenue, one on Fortieth street, and one on Forty-second street. Each entrance is 47 feet wide, and that on Sixth Avenue is approached by a flight of eight steps. Over each front is a large semi-circular fan-light, 41 feet wide and 21 feet high, answering to the arch of the nave. Each arm of the cross is on the ground plan 149 feet broad. This is divided into a central nave and two aisles, one on each side; the nave 41, each aisle 54 feet wide. The central portion or nave is carried up to the height of 67 feet, and the semi-circular arch by which it is spanned, is 41 feet broad. There are thus in effect two arched naves crossing each other at right angles, 41 feet broad, 67 feet high to the crown of the arch, and 365 feet long; and on each side of these naves is an aisle 54 feet broad and 45 feet high. The exterior of the ridgeway of the nave is 71 feet. Each aisle is covered by a gallery of its own width, and 24 feet from the floor. The central dome is 100 feet in diameter, 68 feet inside from the floor to the spring of the arch, and 118 feet to the crown; and on the outside, with the lantern, 149 feet. The exterior angles of the building are ingeniously filled up with a triangular lean to 24 feet high, which gives the ground plan an octagonal shape, each side or face being 149 feet wide. At each angle is an octagonal tower 8 feet in diameter and 75 feet high.

Ten large and eight winding staircases connect the principal floor with the gallery, which opens on the three balconies that are situated over the entrance halls, and afford ample space for flower decorations, statues, vases, &c. The ten principal staircases consist of two flights of steps with two landing places to each; the eight winding staircases are placed in the octagonal towers, which lead also to small balconies on the tops of the towers and to the roof of the building.

The building contains, on the ground floor, 111,000 square feet of space, and in its galleries, which are 54 feet wide, 62,000 square feet more, making a total area of 173,000 square feet for the purpose of exhibition. There are thus on the ground floor two acres and a half, or exactly 2 52-100; in the galleries one acre and 44-100; total, within an inconsiderable fraction, four acres.

There are on the ground floor 190 octagonal cast-iron columns, 21 feet above the floor, and 8 inches in diameter, cast hollow, of different thicknesses, from half an inch to one inch. These columns receive the cast-iron girders. These are 26½ feet long and three feet high, and serve to sustain the galleries and the wrought-iron construction of the roof, as well as to brace the whole structure in every direction. The girders, as well as the second story columns, are fastened to the columns in the first story, by connecting pieces of the same octagonal shape as the columns, 3 feet 4 inches high, having proper flanges and lugs to fasten all pieces together by bolts. The number of lower girders is 252, besides 12 wrought-iron girders of the same height, and 41 feet span over a part of the nave. The second story contains 148 columns, of the same shape as those below, and 17 feet 7 inches high. These receive another tier of girders, numbering 160, for the support of the roofs of the aisles, each nave being covered by 16 cast-iron semi-circular arches, each composed of four pieces.

The dome will strike every one as the grand architectural feature of the building. In the first number of Putnam's admirable Illustrated Record, which was issued on the 14th inst., we find a full description of this splendid portion of the structure, from which we copy some interesting statements. Its diameter is 100 feet, and its height to the springing line is nearly 70 feet, and to the crown of the arch 123 feet. It is said to be the largest, as well as almost the only dome hitherto erected in the United States. It is supported by 24 columns, which rise beyond the second story, and to a height of 62 feet above the principal floor. The system of wrought-iron trusses which connect them together at the top, and supported by them, forms two concentric polygons, each of 16 sides. They receive a cast-iron bed-plate, to which the cast-iron shoes for the ribs of the dome are bolted. The latter are 32 in number. They are constructed of two curves of double angle-iron, securely connected together by trellis-work. The requisite steadiness is secured by tie-rods, which brace them both vertically and horizontally. At the top, the ribs are bolted to a horizontal ring of wrought and cast-iron, which has a diameter of 20 feet in the clear, and is surmounted by the lantern. As in the other roofs of the building, the dome is cased with matched lead and tin sheathing. Light is communicated to the interior through the lantern, and also in part from the sides, which are pierced for 32 ornamental windows. These are glazed with stained glass, representing the arms of the Union and of its several States, and form no inconsiderable part of the interior decoration.

The external walls of the building are constructed of cast-iron framing and panel-work, into which are inserted the sashes of the windows and the louvres for ventilation. The glass is one-eighth of an inch thick, and was manufactured at the Jackson Glass-works, New York, and afterwards enamelled by Cooper and

Belcher, of Camptown, N. J. The enamel, with which the whole of it is covered, is laid upon the glass with a brush, and, after drying, is subjected to the intense heat of a kiln, by which the coating is vitrified, and rendered as durable as the glass itself. It produces an effect similar to that of ground glass, being translucent, but not transparent. The sun's rays, diffused by passing through it, yield an agreeable light, and are deprived of that intensity of heat and glare which belongs to them in this climate. In the absence of a similar precaution in the Crystal Palace of Hyde Park, whose roofs, as well as walls, were enclosed with transparent glass, it was found necessary to cover the interior of the building with canvas to produce the required shade.

At each angle of the building there is an octagonal tower, 8 feet in diameter and 76 feet in height. These contain winding stairways, which lead to the galleries and roofs, and are intended for the use of the officers and employés of the Association. Twelve broad staircases, one on either side of each entrance, and four beneath the dome, connect the principal floor with the gallery. The latter are circular in part, and consist of two flights of steps with two landing places. The flooring of the galleries is made of closely matched planks, while those forming the floor of the first story are separated by narrow intervals, in the same manner and for the same purpose as in the London building. Over each of the principal entrance halls, the galleries open upon balconies, which afford ample space for placing flowers, vases, and statues for decoration. Above the balconies, the ends of the naves are adorned with large fan-lights, corresponding with the semi-circular arches within. On each side of the entrances, there are ticket offices, and adjacent to them, rooms are provided for the officers of the Association, telegraph, &c.

The rapid and unexpected increase of the applications of exhibitors induced the Association to erect a large addition to the building already described. It consists of two parts, of one and two stories respectively, and occupies the entire space between the main building and the Reservoir. Its length is 451 feet and 5 inches, and its extreme width is 75 feet. It is destined for the reception of machinery in motion, the cabinets of mining and mineralogy, and the refreshment rooms, with their necessary offices. The second story, which is nearly 450 feet long, 21 feet wide, and extends the whole length, is entirely devoted to the exhibition of pictures and statuary. It is lighted from a skylight 419 feet long, and 8 feet 6 inches wide.

The decorations of the building have been entrusted to Henry Greenough, Esq., of Cambridge, brother of the lamented sculptor of the same name. Mr. Greenough has made art his study, and in its pursuit has resided long in Italy. The leading idea in the plan of decoration has been to bring out the beautiful construction of the building—to decorate construction rather than to construct decoration. To do this, and at the same time to preserve a general harmony of effect, has given Mr. Greenough ample opportunity to display his knowledge of the resources of his art. The result is surprisingly beautiful.

The decoration was commenced only on the 27th of April, but as soon as the progress of the construction would permit. The colors employed on the exterior are mixed in oil, the base being the white lead manufactured by the Belleville Company. The exterior presents the appearance of a building constructed of a light-colored bronze, of which all features purely ornamental are of gold.

The interior has a prevailing tone of buff, or rich cream color, which is given to all the cast-iron constructive work. This color is relieved by a moderate and judicious use of the three positive colors, red, blue, and yellow, in their several tints

of vermilion, garnet, sky-blue, and orange, (certain parts of the ornamental work being gilt,) to accord with the arrangements of colors employed in the decoration of the ceilings. The only exceptions to the use of oil colors are the ceiling of the American lean-to and the dome; these decorations are executed in tempera on canvas.

The effect of the interior of the dome (designed by Sr. Monte Lilla) is particularly splendid. The rays from a golden sun, at the centre, descend between the latticed ribs, and arabesques of white and blue, relieved by silver stars, surround the openings.

The building is supplied with gas and water in every part. The gas is designed for the use of the police in protecting the property by night, but is so arranged that, should it be deemed expedient to open the building in the evenings, there will be ample light. The water is accessible at numerous points, with convenience for drinking—also for the attachment of hose, in case of fire.

The whole quantity of iron employed in the construction amounts to 1,800 tons—of which 300 tons are wrought and 1,500 tons cast-iron. The quantity of glass is 15,000 panes, or 55,000 square feet. The quantity of wood used amounts to 750,000 feet, board measure.

To complete the explanation of the construction of the building, we recapitulate its

PRINCIPAL DIMENSIONS.

From principal Floor to Gallery Floor.....	24 feet.	
From principal Floor to top of 2d tier of Girders.....	44 "	4½ inches.
From principal Floor to top of 3d tier of Girders.....	59 "	10 "
From principal Floor to ridge of Nave.....	67 "	4 "
From principal Floor to top of Bed-plate.....	69 "	11 "
From principal Floor to top of upper ring of Dome...	123 "	6 "
From Sixth Avenue curb-stone to top of Lantern.....	151 "	
From Sixth Avenue curb-stone to top of Towers.....	76 "	9 "
Area of first floor.....	157,195 square feet.	
Area of second floor.....	92,496 square feet.	

Total Area.....249,691 square feet, or 5½ acres.

The magnitude of these proportions alone is calculated to excite feelings of profound awe in the spectator's mind; and when we see added the gorgeous but subdued chromatic decoration with which the interior is ornamented, and the innumerable works of art and industry with which it is already partially filled, we may well be proud of an erection which is destined to confer lasting honor on the American name.

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

Pope described the following lines as the finest he had ever read in the English language:

WHEN Egypt's king God's chosen tribe pursued,
In crystal walls the admiring waters stood;
When through the desert wild they took their way,
The rocks relented and poured forth a sea.
What limit can Almighty goodness know,
When seas can harden, and when rocks can flow?

CORRESPONDENCE—NOVEL WRITING.

WE have received from the accomplished author of "*Alban*" the following letter, in which he remonstrates against a portion of our remarks in the August number of the *Metropolitan*, respecting the character of certain passages in his work. In publishing this communication we deem it necessary to state, that literary usage does not in general confer upon an author the right to reply, through the pages of a periodical, to the critical notice which it may have taken of his productions: but in the present instance we are induced to lay before our readers the views of the talented writer, as they will afford us an opportunity of stating still more explicitly the principles of Catholic ethics against which "*Alban*" offends, and by so offending becomes a dangerous publication. After alluding to certain criticisms which appeared in other journals, Dr. Huntington says:

"It was not worth while losing my time and temper by a serious response to what was obviously unfair, hypercritical or personally abusive; but the notice in the last *Metropolitan* is too kind in its spirit; too sincere, manly and discriminating, to allow to pass by any misconception it may contain in a similar silence.

"Is there misconception then? Yes, and first of my object, and of the class of literature to which my book belongs. '*Alban*' is not intended for a religious but a secular novel. I don't like religious novels, I disapprove of them altogether, I consider the whole mongrel species as illegitimate in literature. '*Alban*,' then, being a secular story, a fiction on artistic principles, a picture of life, dramatized, idealized, with the primary aim of pleasing, naturally contains what you call 'worldly pictures' and 'a sprinkling of romantic courtship.' I am a layman and a *litterateur*; I write not for Catholics exclusively or especially, but for general readers. The mere literary men unite in praising my books for their literary qualities, but they object to their avowed 'sectarianism,' as they call it; no literary book (they virtually say) shall assume the truth of the Catholic religion, or look at life from a Catholic point of view:—do you agree with them in this? Then I shall be compelled to ignore Catholicity in my future works—a course to which thousands (*literally*) are urging me, old grey-beards in letters, and enthusiastic young men who have been captivated by the romantic element and the worldly pictures you dislike. I can't think of letting a talent lie idle that God has given me, and moreover, I shall starve if I do. If I would or could devote myself to nursery literature, (such as I suppose my Catholic friends would recommend,) I could not live by it. They are the worst book-buyers in the world. Few of them, comparatively, are readers, and those who ~~are~~ *are* such, read Protestant literature by preference. They do not read your *Geraldines* and *Lazarines*, your Canon Schmidts, &c., but they do read Currer Bell, and Bulwer, and Dickens, and Hawthorne (whom Mr. Brownson recommends as an edifying writer.) All these are heretical, anti-Catholic writers. Not one of them whose whole drift is not against the Church, her faith, her morals, whose whole theory is not heathenish. Surely it is something that *one* secular novelist of repute and power does *not* ignore the Church, nay, loves and defends her, and takes her stand-point as far as he knows it. You refer me to Canon Schmid as a 'model,' but surely I am twice as Catholic as he. It has been said that he habitually ignores the Church and sacraments as the sources of virtue, but it is the very moral of '*Alban*,' its one thought from the first page to the last, that the grace of the Catholic Sacraments and the sweet, silent control of the Catholic discipline are the *only* sources and guardians of virtue and goodness on earth. The novel, as an eminent Protestant writer remarks, has lately become an *epos*, in which the soul of man is the hero and its growth in virtue is the action. I admit this idea. I know it to be the pervading one, and indeed the key of the present current literature. It is my peculiarity—*mine* alone—that I ascribe victory in the conflict, which like others I paint, to the aid of divine grace through the sacraments of the Catholic Church.

"And such is the view of my writings (allow me to say) which is taken by many of the highest judges among the Catholic clergy. You observe that 'some of the worldly pictures in *Alban* must be left out, if the work has any pretensions to be tolerated among Catholics.' There are many clergymen, (permit me to reply, and indeed in fairness you ought to publish my statement,) there are many clergymen of the highest character for wisdom, piety, and literary judgment, eminent for station too, who think otherwise. One illustrious prelate wrote to me in regard to the first edition suggesting a few alterations, (that have since been made) but adding that 'he was far from thinking its tendency to be to seduce the reader's imagination,' and the same illustrious, universally

revered person gave it to one of his female penitents to read, bidding her 'not mind what ——— said of it.' Another (for whom I may claim similar rank) found it unexceptionable even *then*, never dreamed of any thing wrong in it, and reading it by himself in the country, had the simplicity to make his meditation from the topics it suggested: but this gentleman knew, what few Catholic priests can, its *truth* as a picture of life. Why, even Mr. Brownson confesses that 'a person must be very fastidious to object to any of the scenes, expressions, or incidents' in the present edition. Catholics and Protestants, clergymen and laics, educated and simple, and some of the purest women I know, have read *Alban* in its present dress, and have not been able to discover in it any thing to which they can object. In short, my dear sir, there is a *difference of opinion* on this point, and the authority on the one side is every whit as good as that on the other. Think of it! such books as you, and Mr. Brownson, and other Catholic critics, and the London Athenæum, the Whig Review, and other secular organs, allow '*Alban*,' and its sequel, '*The Forest*,' to be in a literary point of view, do not grow on every Catholic tree. Glance your eye over the waste of English literature, rank with poison, with weeds, a howling wilderness thronged with hostile creatures—hostile to the Church. *All these writers are your enemies!* Is it worth while to quarrel with almost the only friend you have among them all? at least the only *imprudent* friend—the only one who dares injure himself for your sake?

"Lastly, permit me to say, that I repudiate absolutely the idea which you hesitatingly ascribe to me, that 'The fictionist has a right to hold up immodest scenes by way of cautioning against them.' That was not my meaning, and to all the remarks you add on that head I cordially subscribe. The writers to whose 'freedoms' I refer, are all considered immodest writers; Hawthorne, who is the freest of them all, has been lauded in Brownson's Review, without the least hint of such an objection, notwithstanding that he is as 'fussy about women's petticoats' and hose, and far more bold and vivid in describing their persons, and dwells on his pictures more pointedly than ever I could venture to do. All that I meant to say was that I did not see why there should be two measures of criticism, why a novelist whose seeming moral is the evil of the indissolubility of marriage should be let off without a reproof, and another whose aim is to show that the will of God and not passion is the rule of the rational creature, should be called to account so severely for the merest trifles.

"Any book (I pretend) which seeks to paint Protestant life as it is, in a young man religiously inclined, and to show how Protestantism failed him, *must* deal with the inefficiency of the system to preserve youthful purity. And this is a topic (I own) which cannot be touched ever so distantly and delicately without danger; and yet that danger may be incurred for the sake of the good and legitimate object in view as all moral theologians teach. And the difficulty is peculiar in a work of fiction, I grant, and yet *no other will reach the Protestant reader.*

"That is my defence. I have said what was necessary to be said, in the only way in which it would reach, or even be comprehended by, the persons for whom it was intended. Thousands have read this truth in *Alban*, who would never touch a Catholic book of controversy. The ablest lay-critic among us (at least he is thought so) who has permitted himself to assail *Alban*, advised me before it was written to do exactly as I have done. I have done it to the best of my poor ability. When the manner was objected to in quarters that I respected, I suppressed the book at a great loss to myself, and altered it at my own expense, consulting my clerical friends as to the alterations, and making *more* alterations than they deemed necessary. I should almost regret having struck out some things which I still consider innocent and beautiful, and which had, in my own mind, an important bearing on the story and the theme, on the action and the moral, or at least on the development of the characters, (as nothing of this sort was gratuitously introduced by me, or ever is,) I should regret having left out such things, I say, to no purpose as it now seems, did I not know that an act of humility is never useless, however it may seem to fail of its immediate object. No one would submit more readily than I would, to a just authority deciding against any book of mine, but so far the authority is balanced pretty evenly, or rather the weight of it, to my apprehension, is decidedly in my favor, and so long as that is the case, I shall continue to believe, as I do, that those who object to it, either misapprehend my meaning, or else unconsciously exaggerate those trivial defects from which no human work is free. With the utmost cordiality and respect, I remain truly yours,

"THE AUTHOR OF '*ALBAN*.'"

To proceed clearly, and as briefly as possibly, in our comments upon this communication, we shall observe that, as a vindication of "*Alban*" from the main charges against it, it may be reduced to the following argument:

"It is permitted, for a good and laudable end, to write upon subjects connected with the sixth commandment. Now, the scenes and conversations in '*Alban*' which are

objected to by critics on the ground of their immodesty, are introduced into the book for a good and laudable end, viz: to show Protestants the inefficiency of their system for the preservation of youthful purity. Therefore these passages in 'Alban' should not be condemned."

Our reply to this syllogism is, that we deny the major proposition as it stands. It is *not* permitted for a writer, simply for a good and laudable end which he has in view, to touch upon the above-mentioned topics. This is lawful only under peculiar circumstances. Theologians, after St. Thomas, lay down the principle that a person may, for the purpose of obtaining a laudable end, place a cause which will lead also to an evil result, provided the following conditions be observed: 1, that the person be actuated by a good intention; 2, that the cause itself be of its nature good, or at least indifferent; 3, that the evil be compensated by the good result which is obtained; 4, that this good effect result from the cause immediately or simultaneously with the bad effect. The soundness of this principle of co-operation will be better understood by illustration than by any profound reasoning on the subject. A general, engaged in a just war, perceives that he must either bombard a hostile city or fall into the hands of the enemy. In such a case he can lawfully attack the city with the engines of destruction, although many innocent people may suffer from it. An intemperate husband threatens to kill his wife or to inflict some serious injury upon her, if she does not hand him a glass of liquor which will intoxicate him. Under these circumstances she can lawfully give him the liquor. In these cases, all the conditions required by Catholic theology are present: and it is easily conceived that the military officer and the poor wife are perfectly justifiable in their acts, although an evil result as well as a good one will be the consequence.

In a similar position, it is also lawful for a writer, the aforesaid conditions being observed, to discuss matters the handling of which is attended with more or less danger in a moral point of view. For instance, the authors of books on medical or ethical science, must exhibit the nature of corporeal or spiritual diseases for the benefit of mankind in general, and particularly for the instruction of those whose vocation in life is to labor for the mitigation or cure of those maladies to which man is subject. Though the writings of a divine or a physiologist may be diverted from their real design by evil-minded persons, and made to serve the purpose of a base and sinful gratification, they do not cease on this account to belong to an important and meritorious class of literature; because in the first place the services which their authors render to society are dictated by a laudable intention; secondly, their efforts are made in a good cause; thirdly, although some evil may accidentally result from their writings, it is far outweighed by the advantages which they confer; fourthly, these benefits do not follow less immediately from their works than the evil consequences to which we have alluded.

After this exposition of the principle, on which all legitimate co-operation towards an evil result must be founded, it will not be difficult to perceive that the major proposition of the argument in favor of "Alban" is unsound; because we have shown, that to be justifiable in placing a cause which will produce an evil effect, it is not enough to propose to oneself a laudable end: it is required, moreover, that the evil be compensated by the good result which is obtained, and that this favorable result must be as immediately the effect of the cause as the unfavorable result. Dr. Huntington's premises therefore being inadmissible, his conclusion falls to the ground.

He will perhaps object that the syllogism by which we have presented a statement of his argument, does not convey the full force of his reasoning: that he is aware of all the conditions required by the principle of co-operation, and is convinced that they have been observed in "Alban;" that he not only proposed to himself a laudable end in writing his work, but that the object has been accomplished: that any evil result to which it may tend, is compensated by its beneficial influence, and that the good effect follows, as closely as the bad, upon the perusal of the book. If the Dr. insists upon all this, he has certainly not proved it in his communication. He supposes that the good effect of his work is to show Protestants the inefficiency of their system for the preservation of youthful morals. Let us see how this will be effected. The author

informs us that "Alban" was written for the benefit of Protestants, for the purpose of "pleasing;" and we know that the great majority of those who read novels, do so only for the pleasure which they afford, and alas! too often for the sinful gratification which is so abundantly provided in works of fiction. Pleasure, therefore, is the chief and direct object in view; instruction something subordinate and accidental. Now, if the ideas of Protestants are not purer than Dr. Huntington supposes them to be, it follows that the indelicate passages to which we have objected in his book, will become proximate occasions of sin for almost all his readers. Here is a positive and great evil. Where is the good to compensate it? Can we believe, without admitting the miraculous, that every reader of "Alban" whose imagination will be deeply sullied with improper thoughts, will change his convictions in favor of Catholic principles? If a few persons acquire sounder views in regard to the superiority of Catholic morality and its defences, it is as much as can reasonably be expected. But, it is preposterous to say that the evil is here compensated by the good effect, or that the latter bears any comparison to the former. The good is at most very limited; while the evil on the contrary is immense.

Again, the author will scarcely contend, that the benefits which his book is expected to confer, will result from it as certainly and directly as the evil effects to which we have just referred. Taking human nature as it is, and especially in the weak and helpless state in which he has depicted it among Protestant youth, the commission of sin will follow, with a moral certainty, from the perusal of the work. This *must* be the case, considering the general character of novel-readers and the influence of obscene narratives. But, who will pretend to say that any one *must* change his views in favor of Catholic principles, after reading merely the assertions of a novelist? Here, then, the evil is certain, while the good is only expected, hoped for. We might go further, and say that the cause of evil which Dr. Huntington has put forth in "Alban," is not something good or indifferent, as theologians require, but *posita fragilitate humana* is a *malum in se*, and consequently never allowable. The Dr. seems to place too high an estimate on the disposition of Protestants, to be favorably impressed by works of fiction written in a right spirit and in a captivating style. It is true that the anti-Catholic novel is the great store-house from which Protestant blindness and prejudice are continually strengthened and increased; but the reason is obvious. Such a book is precisely to the taste of the reader: it chimes in with his preconceived notions, and therefore meets with a favorable reception. It is not so however with the novel whose preferences are for Catholicity. A book of this kind shocks the Protestant mind, because it assails the most deeply rooted ideas, which were imbibed in infancy and have strengthened with the growth of years. Occasionally, indeed, some good result will follow: but it follows more as an accident, than as a necessary effect; and hence it can never be lawful, for the sake of this uncertain good, to employ means the certain result of which, morally speaking, will be the commission of sin.

We have a right to infer from these remarks, that Dr. Huntington's work, entitled "Alban," fails in the conditions which are required in order to render its dangerous tendency permissible, and consequently that it sins against the principles of Catholic theology and against sound morals. If, as he says, some priests and even bishops have expressed to him a favorable opinion of the work, we answer that our observations are by no means directed to the regulation of the author's conscience. When, indeed, the chief pastors of the Church instruct their flocks in regard to the character of a publication, the latter are bound to be guided by their decisions: but when, as in the case of "Alban," no bishop has issued any public instructions, the faithful at large, as well as critics, are bound to be governed by the principles commonly taught by theologians, and illustrated in the general practice of the Church.

We hope that the author of "Alban" will appreciate the spirit and motives of our remarks. If we did not entertain a very high opinion of his rare abilities and of his great zeal to exert them for the glory of God and the salvation of his erring brethren, we would not perhaps have published his letter and accompanied it with the necessary

explanations. But the beautiful and excellent talent which he possesses, which may be made so powerful an auxiliary in the vindication of truth, and in exhibiting the charms of virtue, is too important a consideration to be overlooked, or not to be aided by the suggestions of friendly counsel. Gifted as he is with the exuberant fancy of a Chateaubriand, and actuated by a zeal no less ardent for the honor of true Christianity, let him portray the genius of Catholicity, the beauty of her faith, the spirit of her ceremonial, the labors of her missionaries, the civilizing influence of her institutions, the charities of her religious orders; let him depict these subjects in the glowing colors of which they are susceptible, and which his brilliant pen will so readily furnish. He will then enlighten the mind of his readers, while he pleases their imagination. But as the world is much worse now than it existed in the terrestrial paradise, let no writer, not even the author of "Alban," with a view of raising poor fallen man in the scale of knowledge, tempt him to eat of a forbidden fruit, which will only create an additional obstacle to his discovery of truth, and to his union with the Church of Christ. "BLESSED ARE THE CLEAN OF HEART, FOR THEY SHALL SEE GOD."

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Fine Arts as Agents of Education and Intellectual Development. Washington, pp. 35.

THIS is the title of an address delivered before the Philodemic Society of Georgetown College, at the annual commencement, July 12th, by John Carroll Brent, Esq. The author views the fine arts in their two-fold influence, as agents of intellectual improvement and contributors to the material comforts of man. His observations are rather limited in regard to the latter phase of the subject, because his chief aim is to commend the cultivation of the liberal arts as a means of imparting a knowledge and inspiring a love of the beautiful and true, and thus refining, purifying, and ennobling the popular sentiment and feeling.

"In vain shall we point to our rail roads and telegraphs—in vain boast of our ports teeming with the enriching effects of commerce and industry—in vain refer to our manufacturing and agricultural prosperity—in vain extol the blessed results of our free institutions, if, besides all this, good as it all is, the more refined, intellectual and spiritualising branches of human knowledge are not appreciated and encouraged in our age and country. Physical prosperity may exist, whilst mental occupations are neglected or despised. 'A nation,' says an able Reviewer, 'without literature, however abundant in natural resources, is a nation without true greatness, and however liberal the form of its institutions, without true independence.'

"The annual returns may give abundant proof of our progress in population and resources, exports and imports, railways and steamboats, factories and navigation; and yet, if the mind and heart be not refined, if the intellectual statistics of society be not onward and upwards, the public taste cultivated, and purified from the worship of the golden calf, the advance of our beloved country in the march and scale of nations, is, for the most part, mere external show and delusion. It is only when we see intellectual and gifted men appreciated at their true value; it is only when we find men of means employing their superfluities in rational pleasures, and for the encouragement of taste and genius, and the people are taught by precept and example, to understand and admire the pure and the beautiful—that the heart of the lover of his species is made glad with the hope of a real and durable reform."

Nowhere, perhaps, will the truth of these remarks find a more practical application than among the American people. The utilitarian spirit which characterises them, requires something more than the art of printing to counteract the baleful influence which it exerts when carried beyond the bounds of moderation. The principles of our political system, reverence for authority, respect for the rights of others, are forgotten, although clearly defined in books, because either these books are neglected or their teachings are neutralised by the action of a periodical literature too often venal in its character. Eminently beneficial will be the efforts of those who strive to inform the public

mind by works of art. The towering monument commemorative of noble and virtuous deeds, the painting or engraving descriptive of scenes in our early history, the statue decreed to valor and patriotism, speak a lesson far more impressive and intelligible to the great mass of the people, while it is much more openly and constantly inculcated, than the exposition of their duty on paper. Religion, in consecrating the arts to the instruction and improvement of man, has only acted upon a principle which is deeply implanted in his heart, and her example is worthy of being imitated in the temporal order. Mr. Brent very justly calls upon the national government to do something more worthy of a great and flourishing republic for the encouragement of art, and the perpetuation of our historical recollections.

"Government, within its constitutional limits, should proceed with enlarged and more liberal and judicious encouragement to ornament our Capitol and national halls and edifices with the best productions of our American painters, and sculptors and architects. Hence, the Metropolis of this glorious republic should be converted into an enduring monument of republican taste and liberality; thus, by the artist's brush and chisel, immortalizing and perpetuating the grand national events and men in American history. The original intentions of the enlightened founders of this city should be carried out, to some extent at least, and Washington be made what it is the interest of the people and duty of Congress it should be, a worthy Metropolis of a growing and powerful nation, the centre of science, literature and taste, as well as of government and politics;—if possible, the Rome and Athens of the West. I believe there is no more sure and patriotic mode of making us a refined, intelligent and united people. I believe that it is the interest and duty of Congress to foster and embellish the Metropolis of the nation, and that every true American should feel proud that the seat of government is properly attended to and improved. I trust that the day is not far distant, when these things shall come to pass, and that the people will not be content with mere physical progress and prosperity, but also have reason to point to our artists and men of letters, and, in the spirit of the mother of the Gracchi, exclaim—'These are my jewels.'"

Hymns of the Church. By Rev. M. A. Wallace. Portland: 12mo. pp. 321.

Our last number contained some remarks on the tone of recent English poetry, as it emanated from the non-Catholic muse. Whether the writer considered the productions of Catholic poets of the present day, those of a Faber, for instance, too well known to require notice, we are unable to say, but if it is useful to indicate the spirit of poetry which is furnished by Protestant pens, it is still more so, we think, to acquaint the public with the inspirations of Catholic writers. The volume before us we cheerfully introduce to our readers as a miscellaneous collection, partly the composition of the author, partly translated by him from other sources. Though he does not display the highest degree of poetical talent, which we conceive to consist in a striking originality of thought, richness of imagery and melody of expression, we cannot deny him a respectable position among the votaries of Parnassus. His flights are not of the loftiest range; but for this reason he may be better followed by the general class of minds. Nearly half of the volume consists of two poems, one of Prudentius, a Spanish author of the 4th, and another of Sannazar, who flourished in the 15th century. The Rev. Mr. Wallace deserves credit for these translations, and we hope that he will be encouraged to undertake other works of the kind.

The Catholic Standard. San Francisco, U. S.

It is gratifying to observe, among the evidences of progress in the new and distant State of California, the establishment of a Catholic periodical, as a means of enlightening the people in regard to the events passing in the religious world, and looking otherwise to the interests of the Church in that region. The miscellaneous character of its population, and the change which has come over every thing, with the ardor that hurries men along in the pursuit of material things, call loudly for the efforts of the press, to explain and vindicate the truth, to animate the zeal and courage of the Catholic people, and to rally them in the necessary provision for the maintenance and increase of the faith. The few numbers of the *Standard* which have reached us, evince ability and give promise that it will render valuable service in the good cause. The neat appearance of the paper reflects the highest credit upon the publishers. It may well compare with the very best specimens of periodical typography in the United States. The *Standard* is

published every Saturday at San Francisco, by S. T. Walsh & Co. at \$5 per annum in advance, and has our best wishes for its success.

The Catholic Pioneer. Albany: No. 2.

WE have not seen the first number of this weekly journal, which has just been commenced at Albany, N. Y: but the one before us is a well printed sheet, containing an interesting variety of intelligence, and strongly commends itself to the favor of the Catholic community. It is published by Michael O'Sullivan at \$2 50 per annum, (quarterly in advance) for country subscribers, and 20 cents per month, or 6 cents per copy in advance, for those in the city. The *Pioneer* has our warmest wishes for a long and useful career.

RECORD OF EVENTS.

NEW SEES AND BISHOPS.—The following is a list of the new sees erected in the U. States, and of the clergymen who have been appointed to fill them:

The See of Erie is erected, and the present Bishop of Pittsburgh, the Rt. Rev. Michael O'Connor, is transferred to it. This translation was not treated of in the Council, or at all anticipated; but subsequently the venerable prelate himself, in his eagerness to have the see erected, offered to become its first bishop, resigning his present more distinguished position: which unexpected event will, we have no doubt, cause universal regret.

The Rt. Rev. Joshua Young, for many years a missionary in Ohio, is appointed to the See of Pittsburgh. He is a native of New England, and a convert.

Rt. Rev. John Loughlin, now Vicar-General of New York, is appointed first Bishop of the new See of Brooklyn.

Rt. Rev. James R. Bayley, now Secretary of the Archbishop of New York, is appointed Bishop of the new See of Newark, in New Jersey. He was formerly in the Episcopal ministry.

Rt. Rev. Henry B. Coskery,* now Vicar-General of Baltimore, is appointed first Bishop of Portland, Maine.

Rt. Rev. Louis de Goesbriand, now Vicar-General of Cleveland, is appointed first Bishop of Burlington, Vermont.

Rt. Rev. George Carell, S. J., now President of St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, is appointed first Bishop of Covington, Kentucky.

Rt. Rev. James Oliver Van de Velde, is transferred, at his own request, from the See of Chicago to Natchez.

Rt. Rev. Joseph Melcher, now Vicar-General of St. Louis, is appointed first Bishop of Quincy, and Apostolic Administrator of Chicago, until the appointment of a Bishop to that See, for which measures are to be taken immediately.

Rt. Rev. Augustus Martin is appointed first Bishop of Natchitoches.

Right. Rev. Thaddeus Amat, of the Congregation of the Mission, is appointed Bishop of Monterey, in California, to be vacated by the translation of the present Bishop to San Francisco. This clergyman was President of the Theological Seminary at Philadelphia, when recommended for the Episcopacy; and left this country for Spain on receiving an intimation of it, in the hope of escaping the burden.

The city of San Francisco is made an Archiepiscopal See, the Most Rev. Joseph Allemany, O. P., being its first Archbishop.

A See is erected at Santa Fe, and Rt. Rev. John Lamy, the present Vicar-Apostolic, is appointed its first Bishop.

An Apostolic Vicariate is constituted in Upper Michigan, and Rt. Rev. Frederic Baraga, who for many years has been a zealous missionary among the Indians, is appointed the Vicar-Apostolic with the Episcopal character.

Action is deferred in regard to another See and Vicariate proposed by the Council.

The diocese of Walla-Walla is extinct, its territory being divided between the Archbishop of Oregon and the Bishop of Nequally.

The Hierarchy of the United States now consists of seven Archiepiscopal and thirty-four Episcopal Sees, with two Apostolic Vicariates. Two of the Sees are governed by Apostolic Administrators, with the Episcopal character. Besides these prelates the Right Rev. Edward Barron, Bishop of Eucarpia in *partibus infidelium*, is zealously employed in the missions of Florida.

* We understand that this gentleman has declined the appointment.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—Religious.—On the 20th August, at the Convent of the Visitation in this city, Miss Mary Frances Millard, of Texas, and Miss Virginia Williamson, of Pikesville, were admitted to the religious habit, the former receiving the name of Sister Mary Bernardine, and the latter Sister Mary Louis.

On the 1st Sept., at the Convent of the Visitation, Frederick city, Md., Misses Maria Dooley, of Ireland, and Mary Hannagan, of Philadelphia, were admitted to the religious habit, receiving the names of Sister Jane Frances and Sister Mary Alexius. On the same day Sister Mary Augustine made her solemn profession of the three religious vows.

A mission was recently conducted by two Redemptorist fathers, at St. Ignatius' church, Harford co., and was well attended by the faithful of that district.

Rev. Mr. Constant, of Little Texas, has been appointed to reside with the Rev. Mr. Dolan of St. Patrick's church, Baltimore.—Rev. P. Dalton succeeds Mr. Constant at Texas, and Rev. Dr. Dampoux takes the place of Mr. Dalton as chaplain of the Carmelite convent.

DIOCESS OF PHILADELPHIA.—Confirmation.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Neumann confirmed on August 12, in Port Carbon, 94 persons; 14th, Douglassville 7 persons; 15th, in Goshenhoppen, 132; 21st, in West Chester, 96; 22th, in Downingtown, 22.—*Her.*

Dedication.—On Sunday, the 28th of August, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Neumann dedicated to the service of God the new church of St. Thomas, recently erected in Ivy Mills. On the same day the Bishop confirmed 24 persons in the same church. The Very Rev. E. G. Sourin preached at High Mass.

DIOCESS OF PITTSBURG.—New Church.—The corner-stone of a new church to be erected at Clearfield, Butler co., was laid on the 15th of Aug., by the Rev. Mr. Larkin, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Cody, Gray, and Tracy. Rev. Mr. Tracy, of Pittsburg, delivered a very impressive discourse to the large assembly that came to witness the interesting ceremony. The Butler choir and brass band deserve much praise for their valuable services on the occasion. The building will be 80 feet long by 45 feet wide, and is expected to be ready for service about the end of next December.—*Cath.*

ARCHDIOCESS OF NEW YORK.—New Church.—The corner-stone of the new church of the Immaculate Conception was laid at Williamsburg, on the 11th of Sept., by the Very Rev. John Loughlin. Rev. Mr. McLaughlin preached on the occasion.

Dedication.—Sept. 4th, the new German Catholic church of St. Benedict, at New Brooklyn, L. I., was dedicated to the worship of God by the Rev. Mr. Malone of Williamsburg.

DIOCESS OF BUFFALO.—New Church.—On the 18th August the Rt. Rev. Bishop went to Scottsville, and laid the corner-stone of a new church which the zealous pastor and his pious congregation are now building. The Bishop preached twice to a large and respectable audience.

Confirmation.—On the 4th of Sept., he confirmed 84 persons at Batavia: on the 8th, 170 at St. Mary's (German) church, Buffalo.—On the 11th, he confirmed 55 in St. Bridget's church, Buffalo.

Ordination.—Sept. 11th, the Rt. Rev. Bishop ordained Mr. Bernard McCool, subdeacon, and Rev. Terence Keenan, priest.

DIOCESS OF BOSTON.—On Saturday, 28th of August, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick confirmed 161 young persons in St. Malachi's church, Hopkington, Mass.

DIOCESS OF HARTFORD.—On the 23d of August, six ladies made their profession in the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Providence.

ARCHDIOCESS OF CINCINNATI.—New Church.—The corner-stone of the new church of St. Stephen, Hamilton, was placed last Sunday afternoon by the Most Rev. Archbishop. It will be 120 by 60. Addresses were made in German by Rev. David Widman, Superior of the Franciscans, and in English by the Archbishop.

Confirmation.—August 28th, the Most Rev. Archbishop confirmed 22 persons in the church of St. Francis de Sales, Walnut Hills.

DIOCESS OF LOUISVILLE.—Episcopal Visitation.—On the 7th of August, the Rt. Rev. Bishop confirmed 70 persons in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Louisville. The following Sunday he administered the same sacrament to 18 persons in the congregation of St. Andrew, a few miles from Louisville. On Saturday, August 13th, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Louisville held an ordination in the cathedral of the Assumption, in which the following gentlemen, all members of the Society of Jesus, were promoted to the holy order of subdeaconship: George A. Watson, Benedict Masselis, James A. Converse, and Joseph Edward Keller. On Sunday morning, the 14th, these same Rev. gentlemen were ordained deacons; and on the following day, the feast of the Assumption, they were promoted to the holy priesthood, together with the Rev. Francis William Van Deutekon, a deacon from North Brabant, Holland, who had accompanied

the Bishop on his recent return from Europe. On the same day, the Rt. Rev. Dr. McGill, Bishop of Richmond, on the invitation of the ordinary, administered confirmation in the cathedral of Louisville to 132 persons, of whom 15 were converts to our holy religion.

DIOCESS OF VINCENNES.—Ordination.—At Notre Dame du Lac, Indiana, on Thursday, 11th of August, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Cleveland conferred the order of deaconship on the Rev. Robert Wallace. On the following day Messrs. Edmund Kilroy, Neal Gillespie, Thomas Flynn, John Curby, Joseph Biemons and Peter Monicum received the four minor orders and subdeaconship. On the 15th, feast of the Assumption, six of the aforesaid made their solemn vows, and were entered as Fathers of the Holy Cross.

On Friday, 17th, Rev. Edmund Kilroy and John Curley were ordained deacons by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Chicago, and on Thursday, Rev. Robert Wallace and Rev. John Curley were ordained priests. Rev. E. Kilroy will be raised to the priesthood in a few months when his age will admit.—*Pilot*.

ARCHDIOCESS OF ST. LOUIS.—Dedication.—On Sunday, August 28th, the new church of St. Bridget was blessed by the Rev. Mr. Fitnam, pastor. The Rev. P. Feehan preached. The church is 90 feet by 37.

Ordination.—On Tuesday, the 6th Sept. Mr. Peter De Meester, S. J., and Mr. James Halpin, S. J., received subdeaconship. On the following morning, the same gentlemen, and Rev. Patrick Meehan, were made deacons.

On the 8th, the following gentlemen were promoted to the priesthood:—Rev. Patrick John Ryan, Rev. James McGill, C. M., Rev. William Fisch, Rev. John Hayden, C. M., Rev. Patrick Meehan, Rev. Peter De Meester, S. J., Rev. James Halpin, S. J.—*Sheph. of Valley*.

DIOCESS OF CHICAGO.—Dedication.—On the feast of the Assumption the new church of St. Francis Assisium, West Chicago, for the Germans, was blessed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop, assisted by several clergymen. The church is 70 feet by 40. On the same day, the corner-stone of another church was laid at Carlinville, Macoupin co., by Rev. Mr. Carroll.

DIOCESS OF LITTLE ROCK.—A spiritual retreat for the clergy of this diocese was held at Fort Smith, commencing on the 25th of July and ending on the 31st, where the Rt. Rev. Bishop officiated at High Mass. The Rev. Richard Nagle was ordained priest on the same occasion.

DIOCESS OF SANTA FE.—The public exhibition of the school at Santa Fe, under the auspices of Bishop Lamy, is noticed in a very flattering manner by the *Weekly Gazette* of that place.

ARCHDIOCESS OF SAN FRANCISCO.—New Church.—On the 17th of July, the corner-stone of a new church, St. Mary's, was laid at San Francisco, by Archbishop Allemany. The dimensions of the building will be 135 feet long by 75 in width.

Confirmation.—The holy sacrament of confirmation was administered by the Rt. Rev. Bishop to 26 persons in Martinez, on the 26th June. On the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, the 29th, 23 persons were confirmed in the little church of Contra Costa, of which the Rev. Maximino Agurto is the pastor. On the 10th July, the Rt. Rev. Bishop visited Stockton, where he confirmed 34 persons. The church which is of good size was crowded on the occasion.

Dedication.—On the 3d July, a new church was dedicated by the Rt. Rev. Bishop, to divine worship, in Sonora, under the invocation of St. Patrick. It is a neat frame building, 25 by 54 feet, built on a lot given by the corporation of the city.

Ordination.—July 17th, Messrs. Sebastian Filoteo and Pedro Bagaria were ordained deacons by Archbishop Allemany, at San Francisco.

CONVERSIONS.—Richard Meady, Esq., of Cloudesly Lodge, Bitterne, near Southampton, Eng., lately joined the true Church. His father and brother are both beneficed clergymen of the Established Church.

On the 27th of August, the Rev. Mr. Lyman, late Episcopal minister at Columbia, Pa., abjured Protestantism at the hands of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, who on the same occasion administered to him the sacrament of confirmation.

Lately the Catholic newspapers announced the return to the Church of the Count de Degenfeld-Schomberg, formerly ambassador of Wurtemberg at the court of Vienna; that of the Princess de Salm-Hoogstraeten, and we since learn the formal abjuration of the Pastor Lutkemuller, of whom we have already spoken in our number of the 9th October, 1852, on the occasion of the appearance of his work on the descent of Jesus Christ into hell. In that book, which he dedicates to the holy Catholic Church, he deduced the truth of Catholicity from one article of the creed—*Descendit ad inferos*—and conjured his co-religionists to refute it, if it were possible

Head-constable Allen has been received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. Mr. Clune, C. C. Lorrain and Durrow. Mr. Allen is a highly respectable man, and a most intelligent scholar; and as an officer, his character has always stood deservedly high in the estimation of his superiors.

DEATHS.—July 7th, at Cape Girardeau, Mo., Rev. Richard Hennessy, president of St. Vincent's college in that place.

On the 1st of August, at Mobile, Rev. Anthony Lima, in the 55th year of his age. Born in the Canary Islands, he joined the order of Franciscans, and upon the destruction of religious houses by the impious Espartero he came to the United States, where he labored as a faithful priest for twelve years.

August 12th, at the Male Orphan Asylum, New Orleans, of yellow fever, Brother Joachim, aged 35 years, one of the Brothers of St. Joseph, and a native of Ireland.

August 12th, at the same institution, Brother Ezechias, a Canadian by birth, aged 22 years.

August 14th, Rev. J. Fitzgerald, of Baffana, near Killenaule, Ireland.

August — the venerable Archdeacon McCarron, parish priest of Waterside chapel, Londonderry, Ireland.

August 15, at New Orleans, of the prevailing epidemic, Rev. N. Blin, assistant priest at St. Augustine's church, in that city, in the 50th year of his age. His zeal, piety, suavity of manners and dignified deportment had won for him the esteem and respect of the clergy and faithful. He was a native of France, and had been about nine years in this country.

August 15th, at Mobile, Al. Rev. L. Dufour, a native of France, who had for several years exercised the holy ministry in Louisiana.

August 17th, at the Ursuline convent, New Orleans, after a long and severe illness, Sister St. Charles, a choir Sister, in the 72d year of her age. She entered the religious life at Quebec, her native place, in the year 1801. In 1822, she was chosen with several of her Sisters to come to New Orleans, where she discharged for thirty years all the duties of her holy vocation with persevering zeal and fidelity.

On the 17th August, at New Orleans, of yellow fever, Sister Octavia M'Fadden, one of the Sisters of Charity engaged at the Charity Hospital, aged 40 years.

August 23d, at the Male Orphan Asylum, New Orleans, Sister Alphonsa Sheehan, a Sister of Charity, aged 30 years.

On the 24th of August, at New Orleans, of the epidemic, Rev. G. Gauthreaux.

August 29th, at Boulogny, near New Orleans, J. B. Escoffier, of the Congregation of the Mission, in the 40th year of his age. This good and pious priest died in the discharge of his duty.

August 30th, the Rev. Louis Rosi, of Richwoods, was drowned in a creek near St. Genevieve, while attempting to ford it. He was a faithful and devoted missionary.

On the — of August, at Mobile, Rev. Patrick McMahon.

September 5th, at Natchez, of yellow fever, Sister Francisina Gallagher, one of the Sisters of Charity at the Orphan Asylum.

September 7th, at Natchez, Miss., Sister Mary Chrysostom, Sister-servant at the Orphan Asylum in that city. She died of the prevailing epidemic.

On the — of September, at Baton Rouge, Rev. Anthony Parret, S. J., of yellow fever.

On the — of September, at Vicksburg, Miss., Rev. J. B. Babonneau.

On the — Sept., at New Orleans, of the yellow fever, Sister Lina Griffin, one of the Sisters of Charity at the Charity Hospital, aged 26 years.

Sept. 14th, at Buffalo, Sister Annesia Kneaghen, one of the Sisters of Charity at St. Joseph's, Emmitsburg.

On the 16th of Sept., at New York, EDWARD DUNIGAN, of the firm of E. Dunigan and Brother. We make this announcement with deep regret. The deceased has long been known, in the community in which he lived and throughout the country, as a man of considerable enterprise in the bookselling and publishing business, and of the strictest integrity in all his dealings. We are much indebted to his good taste for the great improvement, which has taken place within a few years, in the mechanical execution of Catholic publications, while his activity contributed largely to the extension of our literature. The most costly work in this line, ever undertaken in the United States is the illustrated edition of Haydock's Bible, now issuing serially from his establishment. We sincerely sympathise with his family and friends at their loss, and trust that his practical attention to the duties of a Christian life will have found him prepared to receive the reward of the faithful servant.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Mortality at New Orleans.—From May 28th to September 8th, there were 10,066 deaths in N. Orleans, of which 7,282 were from yellow fever. The contributions from different parts of the U. States, for the relief of the suffering, caused by the pestilence, amount to \$142,488.

First Procession of the Orange Lodges in Philadelphia.—The Orange Lodges in this city, under the assumed name of *American Protestant Association*, made their first public procession 10th September. The preparations for this display gave rise to much speculation, and some excitement as to the probable result of the experiment. They turned out only about 400 strong. Their regalia consisted of *scarlet* velvet sash, trimmed with purple and gold lace, studded with gold stars and eagles, the tie of the sash consisting of a rosette of *red, white, and blue* ribbon. As some fears were entertained that the affair might give rise to a disturbance, an extra police force was detailed, which kept with the procession throughout the entire route. The day happily passed without any outbreak; but in the evening, whether or not connected with the day's proceedings we are not positively certain, riot and murder occurred in the district of Kensington.

Atrocious.—Under this heading the *N. York Commercial Advertiser* castigates with merited severity the brutal inhumanity of a German paper, published in New Orleans, called the *Staats Zeitung*, which recently contained an assault upon the Sisters of Charity and the Catholic Clergy of that city, even in the midst of their devoted efforts for the relief of their suffering fellow-creatures. There are a set of men, whom the social upheavings of Europe have thrown upon our shores, and who after their arrival in this country, soon begin to show why they were drubbed out of their own. Not satisfied with denying religion, they rave with a kind of demoniac fury against all who profess it, and the more pure and sublime the virtue which Christian faith exhibits, the more savage is the onslaught which they make against it. So radically and thoroughly corrupt is this class of German and Italian infidels, that amidst all the Christianity, civilization and refinement of the present day, they have become more savagely hostile to every thing in the form of social improvement, than the most ferocious tribes of the forest. What must be the profound wickedness of the man who will publish to the world, that the Sisters of Charity, whose heroic benevolence is proverbial throughout the land, are *white she devils, sprung out of hell's deepest and remotest corner!* Such is the language of the *Staats Zeitung*, and it only expresses the sentiment of a large number who have flocked to these shores from Europe, who have their associations under the name of Turners, Druids, &c., and their journals which are constantly vomiting forth the most disgusting infidelity. The *Commercial Advertiser* justly remarks, that the indecent and atrocious conduct of the *Staats Zeitung*, "deserves public scorn, and demands reprehension from every man and every press in this broad Union." It should serve to awaken the attention of Americans to the anti-Christian and anti-social element which is finding its way into our midst, and which, if not effectually checked, will cause trouble on this, as it has already caused it on the other side of the Atlantic.

Trial of Bishop Doane, of New Jersey.—During the last month, the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the U. States, assembled at Camden, N. Jersey, for the purpose of considering the charges preferred by some of them, against Bishop Doane. These charges were of a very grave character, imputing to him the incurring of extravagant debts, defrauding his neighbor, paying exorbitant interest for money, taking a false, or rash and imprudent oath, acting with violence towards another man, and using spirituous liquors to a considerable excess. Much time was consumed by the court in hearing the argument on both sides, respecting the dismissal of the presentment. In the course of his address before his Judges, Bishop Doane made some admissions in reference to his embarrassment at Burlington, upon which a committee of seven bishops was appointed to confer with the accusers and the accused.

The Committee held a meeting, at which the terms for an abandonment of trial was agreed upon. During the recess of the court, several of the bishops waited on Bishop Doane and desired that he would communicate to them in writing the substance of what he had said in open court, in reference to his embarrassments at Burlington. The bishop at once declared his perfect willingness to do so, and made out for them a short written statement, denying all evil intentions on his part, but acknowledging that in the midst of his difficulties he had done things which were imprudent, and of which he is now deeply sensible. The bishop also declared his conviction that the presenting bishops had not been actuated by any impure motives, but had only acted in the matter from the promptings of duty. This statement was made the basis of a motion of dismissal of the presentment, and the discharge of the bishop, and the court adjourned *sine die*.

The result of this trial is plainly to the advantage of Bishop Doane. All the charges, excepting the improper use of spirituous liquor, admitted of a satisfactory explanation, which was offered; but we cannot conceive how the court could have been satisfied with his vindictory statement so far as it related to the immoderate use of intoxicating drink,

when the same judges were so stern and inflexible in the case of the two Onderdonks, whose frailty might certainly have claimed a similar exercise of clemency.

HUMBUS OF THE DAY.—*Anti-Slavery Convention in New York.*—The Anti-Slavery Society held its meeting on Sunday afternoon, August 28th, at Metropolitan Hall. Not more than seven or eight hundred persons were present, among whom were Mrs. Lucretia Mott, Miss Lucy Stone, Garrison and other conspicuous characters. The last mentioned individual remarked, that no book was held in greater respect by Americans than the Bible, and yet that none was so little understood: *rightly interpreted*, however, he knew of no book so valuable. He also stated that nothing was to be expected for the abolition cause from the American Church or its ministers; the ministers of all religions were found on the side of slavery and oppression. Mr. G. introduced Sojourner Truth, an old colored woman, about sixty years of age, who said she was a slave for forty years in that state, gave a brief account of herself, and concluded by stating that she was endeavoring to make a living by selling a little pamphlet, giving a sketch of her life. At the evening session, an address was made by Mr. Johnson, after which he read a poem by Whittier, which was received with mingled hisses and applause. The lines

"Down with the pulpit, down with teaching,
And give us nature's preaching,"

were received with frantic applause by the fanatics. Mr. J was followed by other speakers, among whom were Mrs. Mott and Miss Stone. From the remarks of the latter we shall quote freely, to show the character of these reformers, as well as to afford our readers a little amusement. She referred to the Fugitive Slave law, which she called "an act so infamous that no language could describe its blackness." (hisses) "I don't wonder that men hiss so mean a law—it deserves it." (Renewed hisses, laughter, applause.) Miss Stone then gave some well told stories of the workings of the Fugitive Slave Act. The effect of her pathos was considerably weakened by the action of an eccentric gentleman, who had invaded the rostrum, and exactly at the most tender point would walk across the platform, and indulge in a long drink of water. He was always applauded. Miss Stone thought it was strange that men could be found in a N. York audience, who would hiss such poetry as Whittier's. "O shame, where is thy blush?" (Hisses, laughter, and applause.) But a time would come when this same audience would repent such things. The literature of the country was with the cause, and thanks to Mrs. Beecher Stowe and Richard Hildreth, it had spoken out. (Hisses.) Slavery cursed us in every way—in N. York the man who drives woman to market and sells babies by the pound, goes to communion as if he were a Christian; such a man cannot have the first idea of Christianity. (Hisses and applause.) You may as well have burglars and shop-lifters at your communion as slave-holders. [Here our eccentric friend took another drink, amid cries of "turn him out," from the body of the house, and applause from the galleries.] The question is now to be settled, whether slavery or freedom shall rule in the land. [Here our eccentric friend was invited to leave the platform, which he did. The applause he received evidently annoyed Miss Stone, who said he was either drunk or an idiot.] She went on with an appeal to the audience to consider which side they would occupy in the great struggle which was soon to come. The question was not whether we should buy cotton or corn cheaper, but whether we would be with God and his people—whether we would adhere to the great truth that justice should be done though the heavens fall, and success would be the reward. Yes, we will be victorious. (Confusion and hisses.) And I want to see the N. York public in their proper position on this subject. I want you to support this New York Anti-Slavery Society, and I desire to say to that society that they must learn to labor and to wait. We can bear to be hissed in so glorious a cause as this. But before you condemn us, you will please to read our platform, which can be obtained from the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, and I will state to you the principles which this paper supports. It advocates no union with slave-holders. (Hisses and confusion.) We mean to have a new Northern Republic. (More hisses, and the confusion became general.) You may hiss it if you please, but it is like shooting a pop-gun against Gibraltar. (Hisses, cries and laughter.) We go for the abolition of slavery, or the dissolution of the Union. (Cries of "turn her out," and a storm of hisses.) The South must abolish slavery or stand alone; the Union must be dissolved, or slavery must be abolished.

The fair Lucy was now assailed with such a torrent of hisses and expletives, that she retired from the platform. Mr. Culver here came forward amid much confusion. He said: I desire to call your attention—[cries of "put him out," "down with him," and much confusion.] Fellow-citizens—[more noise.] If you occupy too much of my five minutes, you will not be able to hear Mr. Garrison.—[Groans for Garrison, renewed confusion and cries of "Burleigh."]

The President.—You are gentlemen, I trust. You will hear Mr. Culver? [Hisses and cries for Burleigh, who came forward.]

Burleigh.—If any one wishes to hear—[Hisses and "down with him!" "Let us have Miss Brown!" "Give us a lock of your hair."]

As the cause was not likely to advance much by such efforts, the meeting adjourned.

Woman's Rights Convention, New York.—This convention met at the Tabernacle on August 30th, Mrs. Lucretia Mott in the chair. She stated the platform of the convention, and observed that a great deal of religious protest and prejudice might be expected, as it was something new for women to aspire to the highest office, the occupancy of the pulpit. Miss Lucy Stone then read a long string of resolutions, one of which was, "That woman must be recognised politically, legally, socially, and religiously the equal of man, and all the obstructions to her highest physical, intellectual, and moral culture and development removed, that she may have the highest motive to assume her place in that sphere of action and usefulness which her capacities enable her to fill." Afterwards, Miss Stone proceeded to give a history of the women's rights movement from the time of the first convention, in central New York, five years since. She said that at that time it was averred that women were not fit for anything but to stay in the house; but we have seen, by the example of Harriet Hunt,—she is here, and we shall hear from her—that women can be good physicians. They have also proved that they can be good merchants; and one lady, in Philadelphia, has made herself rich by trade and commerce. And if you say we can't be preachers, we will point to Metropolitan Hall, last Sunday, where the Rev. Antoinette L. Brown had the largest audience in New York. (Hisses and applause.) Yes, those men hiss because they know no better. (Laughter.) I will say to them that a number of sensible men have called Miss Brown to preach for them, and she is to be installed on the 15th of this month. She is of the strictest sex of the Orthodox.

It being moved that only twenty minutes should be allowed each speaker, in the day time, some of the ladies who had prepared long discourses, showed considerable dissatisfaction. Several were in the Bloomer costume. At the afternoon session, Mr. Garrison said, that he would deny to no person of any color or sex, all the governmental rights enjoyed by any other person. No particular intelligence was required for the legislature, and consequently women should be allowed to vote and legislate. If they had this privilege, only a few after all would exercise it, and plenty would be left to cook all the dinners, and mend all the stockings. During the second day's proceedings, Miss Lucy Stone remarked, that the Bible "has been presented as one of the strongest proofs that woman should not enjoy equal rights with men; and when I was a little girl, I believed that woman was to be obedient to her husband; but when I became older, and learned Hebrew, I found that the word 'shall,' could be translated, 'may,' 'might,' or 'would,' and that the truth was, that if woman liked she might obey her husband." "I say sometimes to my audiences, said Miss Stone, that the woman who has no husband, is better off than she who has, as the first has a right to the care of her children. She hardly passed through a single town where some mother was not weeping for her children. She thought that the women ought not to be married in their present state of degradation."

At the evening session, one Mrs. Anneke attempted to address the meeting in German, amid the cries and yells of the audience, upon which Wendell Phillips came forward: Mr. Phillips.—Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to say one word, [hisses] purely as a matter of self-respect. We are the citizens of a great country—[laughter, and cries of "hey," "hey,"] that has extended to Kossuth a welcome, from Maine to Georgia; and this New York audience—[A voice.—That's it—go it.] And this audience is now looking upon one who stood by his side on the battle fields of Hungary—[a yell, and a cry of "turn him out,"] one who has faced the cannon of Francis Joseph of Austria, for the rights of the people, and this is the welcome you give her to the shores of Republican America.—[A voice.—Let us hear her, boys.] She wishes to be heard. [A voice.—We'll hear her; we will beg her pardon.] Mrs. Anneke then recommenced her speech, which was translated by Mrs. Rose. She said that, her sisters in Germany had long waited for their rights, and she wanted the privilege of free speech there, as it was allowed in this country. (A voice, "not too much of it.") She said she fully sympathised with the great cause, and hoped it would go on and prosper, as many hearts across the ocean were beating in unison with those here.

Here there was great confusion, and cries for Greeley, Booth, and others.

Mr. Wendell Phillips then mounted the platform, and his appearance was the signal for a perfect storm of hisses and indignant exclamations. He could only be heard in portions of sentences, and finally gave way to Mrs. Rose.—I call upon the police. (Hisses and laughter.) The Mayor and the police promised to keep order, and I call upon them to keep their promise. (More confusion.) Wendell Phillips.—Fellow-citizens—(hisses and cries of "sit down!")—you are making a great deal better speech than I can. (Hisses and confusion.) The time has been when other reformers have been put down. (More confusion.) Mrs. Rose.—I call on this audience to be quiet. (Ha! ha! ha!) Phillips.—We have offered you a chance to answer us; (Voices—"Go

back to Boston," "Dry up," and all sorts of calls.) The best thing you can do for us is to disturb us and disgrace your city. (Hisses and cries of "Turn him out.") I have come here with the expectation of waiting long enough to get an audience who will hear me. (A voice.—Take a drink.) Phillips.—I want to ask you a question. Is not all American law founded on the principle that all persons governed by laws have a right to share in making them. (Cries of "No, no.") My principle is—(voice—"You've got no principles.") My principle is, that unless you give woman an opportunity to help to make the laws, you have no right to expect that they will believe in them. (More hisses.) Such was the confusion that he was obliged to break off in the middle of his speech, after requesting the scoffers to take the platform and answer him. (Hisses and applause.) "Dr." Harriet K. Hunt afterwards read a resolution of thanks to Mrs. Lucretia Mott, the President of the Convention, which was adopted. The people in the gallery amused themselves for some time in giving groans for Phillips, "the white nigger" as they called him, the *Tribune* and Greeley. The lights were lowered, and the audience gradually dispersed. "So ends this strange eventful history."

World's Temperance Convention.—The delegates to this convention assembled at Metropolitan Hall, New York, on the 30th of August, about 500 being present, "rather a slim number," says the Herald, "to represent entire Christendom." Neal Dow, of Maine, was elected president. After the roll of members had been called, G. W. Clarke, a woman's rights man, rose and read the following: "Whereas the cause of temperance is world wide in its divine mission, seeking the highest good of the whole human race, therefore, Resolved, That this convention cordially invite all the friends of humanity, without respect to age, sex, color, or condition, to participate in its deliberations and aid in its glorious work." The reading of these resolutions was greeted with applause and hisses. It was a firebrand in the camp. Mr. Clarke had opened the old sore of the brick church chapel. Old fogies rose to their feet, gave a turn to their white chokers, and coughed up their phlegm, in preparation for the fray. Sojourner Truth and her companions, including Greeley and the bouquet man, loomed up in the distance. Cries of "Lay upon the table!" "Put him out!" "Go it, Clarke!" "Down with the petticoats!" came from every quarter. Every body spoke at the same time. The president was confused, all was disorder, but Mr. Clarke not willing to give it up so, kept waiting an opportunity to speak. One gentleman asked if Mr. Clarke was a member. He answered he was. The questioner wanted the proof. The president soon put him down by calling for his credentials. Every body rose to a point of order; the chair decided against every body and every body appealed from the decision of the chair. Such a fight, from such a cause, the mere hinting of woman's interference! Mr. Marsh moved that this business be suspended till the report of the committee of organisation. This game wouldn't work. The chair declared Mr. Marsh out of order, as Mr. Clarke still stuck to the floor. John C. Simms, "I move we adjourn till Thursday next, to meet in Philadelphia, where we will be free from all this humbug." (Here the speaker looked hard at Antoinette Brown, but she returned the look with "scorn on her lip and defiance in her eye," as much as to say, "who's afraid?") Mr. Simms insisted upon the vote being taken upon his motion. The Chair put it and declared it lost. Clarke still stood upon the stand, "Ever and anon," raising his stentorian voice with, "I demand the right of the floor." The fight went on around him. The Rev. Mr. Patten—"I rise to a point of order." The Chair—"Sit down, will gentlemen be silent?" (but they wouldn't be silent, there was a petticoat among them.) Mr. Patten persevered—"I rise to a point of generosity." As this was something new in parliamentary usage, from curiosity the audience became quiet. "Rev." Antoinette Brown then came upon the stand. As yet there had been only a mere allusion to the petticoat, but now when the real article, the genuine skirts came before them, the old fogies fairly shook in their boots. Antoinette walked to a seat, (which none had the gallantry to offer) and helping herself to a good position, she looked around as if one "born to command." Some hissed, some tried to stare her out of countenance, some indulged in inuendos, but all to no purpose. She no doubt felt "it would never do to give it up so Mrs. Brown." The old grey-beards hitched their chairs a little further from her; those having occasion to go past, walked way around her, as far off as the walls would permit. Neal Dow wouldn't notice her. Antoinette sat alone, dignified, calm, unmoved, and apparently with "her soul in arms and eager for the fray." It was decided by the convention that women should not sit on the platform. On the second day, however, Mrs. Brown appeared with a strong force. After the appointment of various committees a real battle ensued, the fury of which may be imagined from the following: Mr. Phillips—"I wish respectfully to suggest to the Chair that it has been stated that this convention will be ruled by usual parliamentary laws." Chair—"You are out of order." ("So he is;" "Shut up his mouth;" says a half dozen.) Mr. Phillips—Looking savage and defiant. I appeal from the decision of the Chair. ("Don't put it." "He is only here to interrupt." "Let him go back

to the tabernacle with the other niggers." Laughter, applause and hisses.) Mr. Phillips—I wish to debate this appeal. By what rules of parliamentary law are you governed? "By the rule of common sense," says the Chair. ("You left that at home." "You'd better borrow some of that stuff," says many voices.) Mr. Phillips stood upon his seat and here attempted to read from the rules of Judge Cushing—(none would listen)—to prove that the question of a point of order was debatable. At this stage of the proceedings about seventeen rose to different points of order at different parts of the room. The Chair was called in all directions. Like a true heroine, all this while the Rev. Miss Brown sat near her Ajax, Wendell Phillips, looking collected and unconcerned. All was in a state of sublime confusion. There were Phillips men and anti-Phillips men, and each tried to put down the others—some laughed, some howled, others screeched and some whistled—some suggested this confusion was the effect of drinking too much cold water. Mr. Phillips attempted to proceed. "State your point of order," said fifty. "I protest against this interruption," says the speaker, "you gave me the floor yourself." The Chair—Mr. Phillips has the floor, preserve order, be silent.

Numerous and long resolutions were now read, after which Rev. Antoinette rose to speak, and the Chair with great urbanity invited her to the stand. No sooner said than done. Instantly Antoinette stood before the swaying sea beneath her, looking as fierce as a lioness, and as eager for fight. Then there was a tumult. Were the convention to yield to the petticoats or not? That was the question. The Chair (poor Neal) had committed himself and given his strength over to the women. Every delegate began to speak for and against—all put in their say. "The rules forbid her going upon the stand." "What are you going to do with that woman up there?" Dr. Snodgrass, her especial shoulder hitter in case of necessity, accompanied her upon the stand. "Kick that fellow off the stand," alluding to Snodgrass. In the midst of all this Mr. Keener rose to a point of order. His point was this: we passed a resolution yesterday in reference to this question. We passed a resolution saying we appreciated the value of woman but expressing it as our opinion that the public platform was not the appropriate sphere for woman. (Applause and hisses.) I think that resolution is in keeping with the spirit of this convention. (Applause and hisses.) Oh go on with your hissing, you can't put me down. ("That's right, old boy." Laughter.) I interrupt no man, ("That's good again,") and think it small and mean to do it. ("So do I." "Come to order; Miss Brown has the floor," &c.) I claim nothing from any one. I ask no odds of any one. ("Chair, will the gentleman come to order? Miss Brown has the floor." "It was no use.") I like women as well as any one. ("Oh! you don't say so!" "How old are you?" "Keep still, will you?" Laughter.) But I believe in the sentiments of the resolutions alluded to. My mother was a woman. ("Isn't that wonderful?" "How do you know?" "Who told you so?" Laughter and confusion.) And I think I have as much regard for woman as any one. ("Take your eyes off of Antoinette." "Don't look at him, Anty." "He's only smitten." "Go on." "Come to order." "Won't do it." &c., &c.) But I want woman to attend to the little olive branches around the table. ("Halloo!" "How many have you got?" Laughter. "I rise to a point of order," says one.) All this time Antoinette sticks to the floor like death to the pale horse.—*Abridged from the Herald.*

This is but a specimen of the temperate manner in which the cause of temperance was advocated at the convention. The proceedings closed on the third day, in quiet, if not in a way to do any good for the world at large.

HOLLAND.—The law of Mr. Van Hall, on "religious liberty," or rather for the purpose of restricting the discipline of the Catholic Church in Holland, was voted in the second Chamber, and remains to be considered by the higher legislative authority.

CHINA.—According to the latest accounts, bringing intelligence from Chin-Keang-foo, up to the 28th of May, that city which is occupied by the insurgents, was assailed by the imperial forces, in ships, but unsuccessfully. The former are advancing, it is said, towards Hang-chow-fu, one of the richest and most important places in the empire.

ENGLAND.—Very Rev. Dr. Roskell, provost of Salford, has been appointed bishop of Nottingham, and V. Rev. Canon Goss, of Liverpool, coadjutor in that diocese.

IRELAND.—From a report of the committee of the Catholic University of Ireland, we learn that £37,160.13.4d, or about \$185,803 were collected for that institution up to the commencement of the present year. Of this sum, £23,508 were collected in Ireland, £3,667 in England, and £7,896 in the U. States. Collections are still to be made in many parts of Ireland, which if they yield on an average as much as other districts, will carry the contributions in Ireland to £40,000. It is highly gratifying to the friends of Ireland, and of the true faith, to witness such successful efforts in behalf of an institution so eminently meritorious.